

N A U T I C K S ;

O R,

S A I L O R ' s V E R S E S .

V O L . I .



Ob. in 4. 1780. in 47

NAUTICKS;
OR,
SAILOR'S VERSES.

Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis:
Semper equos, atque arma virum, pugnasque canebat.

VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.

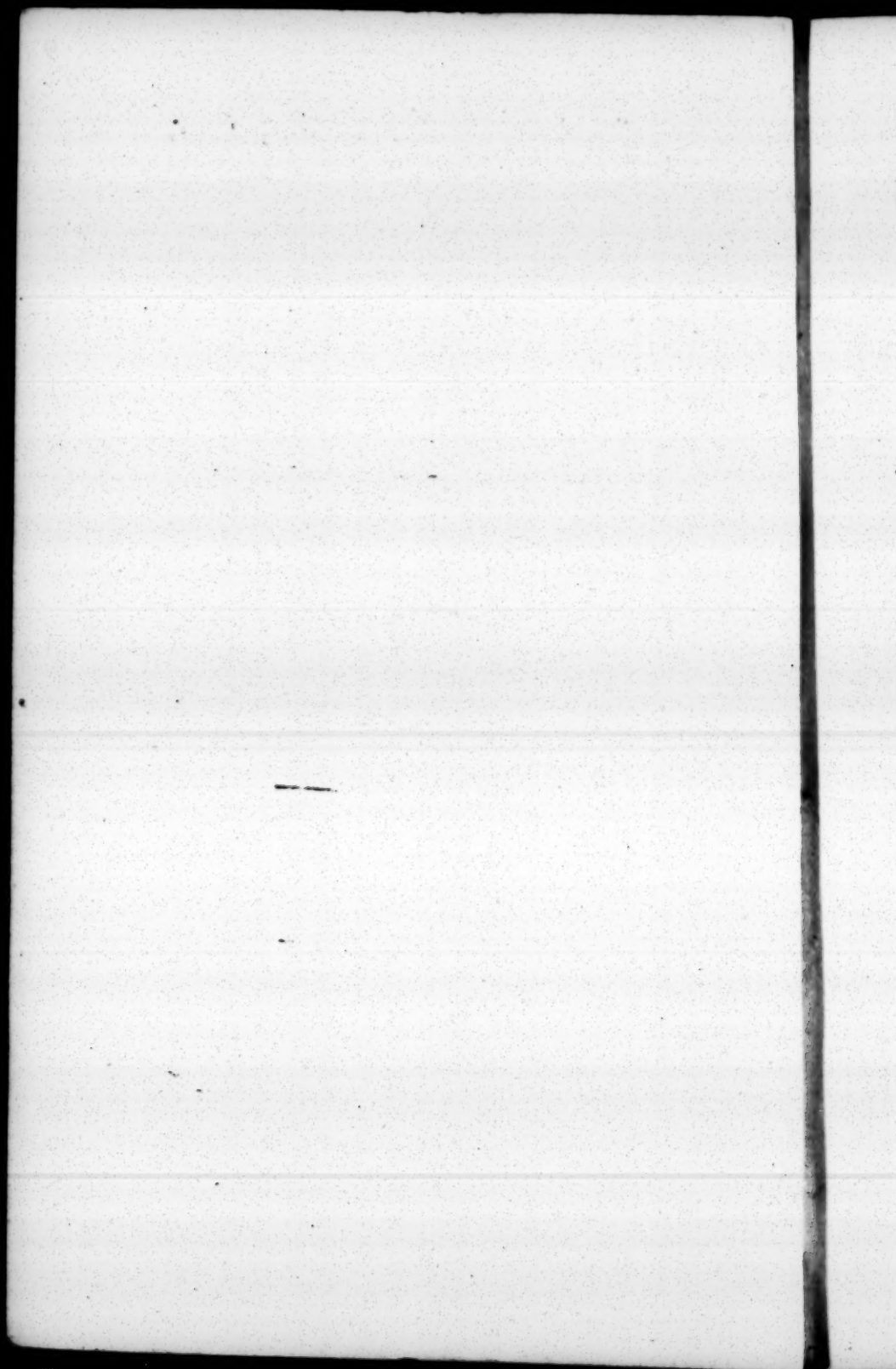
And Cretus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight,
Arms were his business, Verses his delight.

DRYDEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN I sat down to select these salt sea-weeds, from a great bed which was floating up and down the world, it was with the intention to cull the best of them, for the amusement of some, and the information of others. I also found it necessary to spread and press these weeds to the best advantage, to amuse some, and to put it in the power of others to judge of me with some degree of candour; for I believe few men ever wrote with more facility, and no man at the extraordinary periods which I have done, and with equal composure in calm or storm, battle or peace: and this is all, I believe, that can be said by way of apology for the Author,

or the Verses. *Neptune* rarely assists his Sons with a Genius for the company of the Muses : I suppose *Apollo*, as a Deity, is so far removed from the situation of the Watery God of the Ocean, that it is difficult to obtain an interview ; and *Mercury*, for fear of wetting his wings, can bear no flowers of *Parnassus* to him. This separation may be the means of Sailors being less classick than other professional men ; and yet, to embellish the character of a Sea-Officer, it requires every Science and every Art, but that of Poetry ; nor do I know another ability, that excepted, which is not required to form a complete Officer for the British Navy. If I may be allowed to hint an opinion, on a subject so much above my capacity and judgment to manage, I should venture to assert, I never read of one man qualified at every point for a Naval Commander, but Sir WALTER RALEIGH : for he had the talents of the

Statesman,

Statesman, the ability of the Seaman, and the knowledge of the Astronomer. He was a Soldier, a learned and practical Philosopher, a finished Gentleman, an excellent Poet, and an elegant Historian; in which characters he was brilliantly distinguished to all Europe: nor could he have appeared so bright on the West and Eastern Hemispheres, if he had not been excellent in all; and though we might have dispensed with his Poetry, yet we should now have lamented the loss of his Address to his Soul,* the night before his execution; wherein he gives the Lye to the various Vanities of the World. Could a mind
 blessed

* T H E L Y E.

GO, Soul, the Body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errant;
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The Truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the World the *Lye*.

bleſſed with ſo much genius, ſo educated,
and ſo learned, do otherwiſe than produce
Poefy : it is the cream of Proſe, and the
gift of Heaven.

To be a complete Sea-Officer requires
the firſt talents, aſſiſted by the pureſt
educa-

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And ſhines like rotten wood ;
Go, tell the Church it ſhows
What's good, and doth no good,
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the *Lye*.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions ;
Not lov'd, unleſs they give,
Not ſtrong, but by their factions :
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the *Lye*.

Tell men of high condition,
Who rule affairs of State,
Their purpoſe is Ambition,
Their practice only Hate ;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the *Lye*.

Tell

education ; for the profession throws the
 Sailor into Courts, foreign and domestick ;
 where languages, manners, address, and
 politicks, become an essential part of his
 ability. As Explorers, natural and exper-
 imental Philosophy are necessary append-
 ages ;

Tell them who brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending ;
 Who in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending ;
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the *Lye*.

Tell Age, it daily wasteth,
 Tell Honour how it alters ;
 Tell Beauty how it blasteth,
 Tell Favour how she falters ;
 And as they shall reply,
 Give each of them the *Lye*.

Tell Wit, how much it wrangles,
 In tickle points of niceness ;
 Tell Wisdom, she entangles
 Herself in over wiseness ;
 And if they do reply,
 Straight, give them both the *Lye*.

Tell

ages ; Drawing, and even Painting, are
 useful : in short, to form a complete Sea-
 Officer, the person should have every ad-
 vantage of a vigorous constitution, and a
 great and nimble genius, added to all the
 treasures of the Schools. Though at this
 period

Tell Physick of her boldness,
 Tell Skill, it is pretension ;
 Tell Charity of coldness,
 Tell Law, it is Contention :
 And as they yield reply,
 So give them still the *Lye*.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
 Tell Nature of decay ;
 Tell Friendship of unkindness,
 Tell Justice of delay ;
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the *Lye*.

Tell Arts, they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell Schools, they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming :
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the *Lye*.

Tell

period we may boast of a few accomplished Officers, yet very few rise to that standard of perfection which the great and accomplished RALEIGH obtained; and indeed were I to recommend the character of Imitation for our rising Youths, it should be his: he is the Mariner's Mirrour, and by which he may best learn to dress his mind, and conduct his person. Few men in other situations were his equal, and as a Sailor he stands unrivalled; for the aggregate sum of Ability was cast up in him.

Tell Faith, it's fled the City,
 Tell how the Country erreth;
 Tell, Manhood shakes off Pity,
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth;
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not, but give the *Lye*.

So, when thou hast as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Altho' to give the *Lye*
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet, stab at thee who will,
 No stab the *Soul* can kill,

He

He was brave with temper, cool with perseverance, learned without pedantry, gallant without foppery, generous without pride, proud without meanness, and valiant with humanity.

* “ HE raised himself to honour while living, and secured an endless reputation after death, by a series of noble and generous achievements; he acted in very different capacities, and he excelled in all.

“ HE distinguished himself as a Soldier by his courage, by his conduct as a Commander; a bold Sailor, a hearty friend to a Seaman, yet no Admiral maintained better discipline. He was a wise Statesman, a profound Scholar, a learned, and withal a practical Philosopher. In regard to his private life, a beneficent master, a kind husband, an affectionate father; and

* See *Campbell's Lives of the Admirals.*

in respect to the world, a warm friend, a pleasant companion, and a fine accomplished GENTLEMAN."

HE may be truly stiled the *English Zenophon*, for no man did things more worthy to be recorded, and no man was more able to record them than himself. We may say of him as SCALIGER did of CÆSAR, *that he fought and wrote with the same inimitable spirit. Tam marti, quam Mercurio.*

DOCTOR JOHNSON, who, as a Critick, is afraid of praising too much, never gives you a picture without shade; but then his shades are not introduced as they are by great Painters, to give brilliancy to his portraits, but to overshadow them; and while he draws the character of a man, he forgets that he was mortal: for in the 122d Rambler he says, "RALEIGH is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches, and the elegance of his style; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his
b "genius."

“*genius.*” Could he do otherwise without error, in a compilation from other Historians, where judgment was required, and not genius? “*To select facts, rather than to adorn them.*” What is so elegant as the naked truth? “*He has produced an Historical Dissertation, but has seldom risen to the Majesty of History.*” So women attempt to deform each other; and while they allow their sister has brilliant eyes, they assert with acrimony, she has some defective feature: though they allow her beauty of face, delicacy of complexion, and elegance of person, yet they repine that she wants the majesty of stature and mien, to rise to admiration. How easy it is to censure, but how difficult to censure justly; and though Dr. JOHNSON has the inclination to spontaneously discharge a deal of venomous bile on the reputation of RALEIGH, yet he throws it out without success, for his impotency will not suffer him to bite; and
after

after all the zeal and ambition to depreciate, RALEIGH's character comes purer from his cynical furnace, as it did from the Tower, after a tedious and unjust imprisonment, and which is handed down to this period, to be a guiding star, and a mirrour to the Mariner.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH's VERSES,

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE, IN THE GATE-
HOUSE, AT WESTMINSTER.

EVEN such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us nought but age and dust ;
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days :
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

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NAUTICKS;
OR,
SAILOR'S VERSES.

A
JAUNT from PURDY'S-BOURN*
TO
LOCH-NAIGH,
IN MAY, 1769.

THE morning was grey, but the ladies were fair,
And *Polly* was first on the little dun mare;
Armanilla came next on a horse of much show,
And her name-fake on Dobbin, just clean'd from the
plough:
If we leave out the lads, with some truth they may
mutter,
Such as *Hill* from the college, and *Ned* † from the
cutter;

* The seat of *Hill Wilson*, Esq. in the county of *Dorune*.

† Capt. *Thompson* then commanded the *Tartuffe* cutter.

Besides, our good friend sent his gay eldest son,
 A parliament member, to govern the fun,
 Which he did with applause the recital will prove—
 To the one he sung songs—to the other made love!
 The horses and ladies, caparison'd out
 With feathers and furbelows, led on the rout :
 The roads they were dusty, which youth did not mind,
 Such trifles don't hurt when the heart's well inclin'd ;
 Great-coats and the servants brought up the gay rear,
 With a basket of meat for occasional cheer.
 At *New-grove* we call'd on the sweet little *Peg*,
 Who in mounting *Violante* discover'd a leg,
 Would have warm'd the cold heart of a hermit, tho'
 old,

Have purchas'd a prince, or a citadel sold !
 So lovely a lass (a complexion so fair,
 So skittish herself, and so giddy her mare)
 Ne'er led on the road an Equestrian troop ;
Diana herself to such beauties might stoop.
Violante and *Jemmy* conducted the van ;
 Kind *Juno* came next, but she wanted a man ;
Armanilla and *Naso*, *Maria* and *Hill*,
 Whose tongues rattl'd on like the clack of a mill,
 With laughing and singing, some censure, much praise,
 'Till poor gentle *Juno* complain'd of her stays.—
 Encreasing her pains both above and below,
 In pity to her we agreed to go slow,
 'Till we came to a hut, where the good-natur'd
 goddess,
 Was swath'd round with flannel, instead of her bodice.
 When

When mounted, being hot, we resolv'd all to faunter,
 'Till gay *Violante* went off in a canter ;
 Then one gave a whistle, and one gave a hollow,
 And Dobbin himself e'en refus'd not to follow ;
 But his charge being cœlestial, he took so much care,
 That his rider might not have a kick from the mare,
 That in crossing a bridge he gave a vile stumble,
 And poor gentle *Juno* a terrible tumble :
 The women shriek'd out, and the men gave a curse,
 But *Peggy* call'd out she'd had hundreds much worse.
 But that she'd broke her leg, it was one to a million,
 So to move all her fears we procur'd her a pillion :
 The captain he then took the goddess behind,
 To the banks of the Loch, where we pleasantly din'd
 In pastoral taste ; here a lad, there a lass,
 Were promiscuously spread with the meat on the grass.
 The beauties being curious to look in the stream,
 Allur'd to the surface the perch and the bream ;
 For what could withstand, pray, a radiance so bright,
 For fishes all pay a great tribute to light,
 Especially to light which descends from the skies,
 Or when it is brighter from beauty's bright eyes ?

The ladies refresh'd, and the fragments withdrawn,
 Some took to the water, and some to the lawn ;
 The boat it was dull, yet the virgins were fair,
Cleopatra on *Cydnus* ne'er equall'd the pair.
 The bohea being o'er, to return all were fervent,
 And *Juno* got up behind *William* the servant.
 Two by two we return'd, not so gay as we went,
 For some were displeas'd, and none were content.

At *New-grove* we parted with gay *Violante* ;
 And the captain being hungry, rode off to the pantry.
 When arriv'd, all complain'd they were weary or fore,
 Some were stretch'd upon tables, or spread on the
 floor.

For th' escape the good goddess pray'd hard unto
 heaven—

At nine went to bed, and lay snug till eleven.—
 It was forty long miles for a sailor to straddle,
 And enough for a lady to bump on a saddle.
 I cannot declare, as the subject was nether,
 Who made the most buttons, or lost the most leather.

Purdy's-Bourn, 9th May, 1769.

A N

EPISTLE from EAGLEHURST-CASTLE,

T O T H E

H O N. T. L U T T R E L L.

BEING sick of the sea, and tir'd of *Spithead*,
 I long'd for the shore, and a soft easy bed ;
 For sailors at times must repine for down pillows,
 Who sleep in a cradle that's rock'd by the billows :
 So my friend's invitation I took with great glee,
 Row'd the barge to the shore, and turn'd round on
 the sea.

When

When the castle I saw, it was taper and small,
 Very thin, very smart, very round, very tall;
 That at first I began to laugh, censure and scoff,
 And believ'd that *Gill-kicker*, * in dudgeon, was off;
 But the gay Claffick kicks that appear'd round the
 place,

Convinc'd me at once I'd mistaken the case;
 For when I approach'd, I discover'd at top
 A batt'ry for pistols—a staff for a mop—
 With *lyons*, † *cats*, *crabs*, in the front of the house,
 To protect the foundation from coney and mouse.
 But the temple so near to the *gunnel* ‡ doth stand,
 That overboard sure it will go from the land;
 And every good heart now should grieve at the notion,
 To have such fine rarities plung'd in the ocean—
 Where statues and pictures, *tents*, *vases* were shown us,
 Of fair naked *Hebe*, and gay dancing *Faunus*—
 But I'm certain such whimsical things cannot please,
 Like a girl of the *Point*, || or a maid of the seas.
 Sure a strong rosy virgin, if not so bewitching,
 Would do better if bred up to knitting and stitching;
 That could make a good loaf, a rich pudding, or
 tartlet—

What is *Hebe*, ye gods! in her niche, to *Bet Bartlet*!
 However, without you may think I've talk'd loose,
 So I'll open the door and get into the house.

* A piramidical sea-mark near Haslar-Hospital.

† Some of the monsters of the Zodiack.

‡ Edge of the bank.

|| Portsmouth-Point, famous for its Nereids.

The stair-case it winds like a cork-screw about,
 And the windows are just like the holes in a flute—
 Like them too, in all they're so gentle and kind,
 That they let in the wet, and they let out the wind;
 But the air from the sea's so impregnate with salt,
 It agrees like good beer, that's well hopp'd with good
 malt :

To do *William* justice, there's few brew so well,
 And this all the servants, 'pon honour, can tell;
 For a character, sure, they deserve in this letter—
 What member of parliament pray can have better?
 For *William*, when brewing, is as much in a sweat,
 As his master when trimming the national debt:
 And where now, among all the drawing-room faces,
 With their airs, and their slippers, their paint and
 their graces,

Is there aught pray so orthodox, plain and bewitching,
 As brown *Lachrymante*, and *Sal** of the kitchen?
 And then, if you want a wench noble and tall,
 There's *Laura* divine, that will top over all;
 Who is of herself both a host and a corps,
 And equally useful at sea and on shore:
 On land a *Diana*—but give her a quiver;
 Or a noble *Coleffa* to stride o'er the river!
 Where a fine conic arch she might form for the trade,
 And vessels sail thro' and pay toll to the maid.
 But, ye Gods! what a sight would it be on the stream,
 For Helicon bardlings to dream on the theme!

* Servants.

Ah,

Ah, *Laura*! be cautious, my elegant pet,
 If you once cross salt-water you're sure to be wet.
 But fatal it may be to her and my metre,
Ut in omne volubilis ævum labetur.
 But hear me, my friend, my good *Temple Luttrell*,
 For there's nought against thee or thy house that I'll
 utter ill,

And if I of a vessel, or salt-water was sick,
 The castle would cure all my spleen, 'tis so *Classick*.
 Now name me a place where more taste can be shown,
 By *Adams*—or ev'n *Capability Brown* :

Here are all the great Orders of *Rome* and of *Greece*,
 And all stories of *Helen* and old *Jason's* fleece ;
 Of smart *Madam Danæ*, as faucy and bold
 As a nymph of old *Drury* receiving of gold ;
 And gay *Mistress Leda*, for want of a man,
 Stretch'd flat on her back, and embracing a swan.
 Tho' these stories are old, yet reproof may be recent ;
 If allow'd to be *Classick*, pray, Sir, are they decent ?
 Were my pray'rs only heard, you should have a rich
 flock,

Should outweigh all the mutton of *Medea's* flock.
 But *Jason* than you, was not more rich or bold,
 Who've got a sweet lamb, and the fleece is of *GOLD* :
 Tho' my wish is not mode, as it favours of wife,
 Yet—I wish this sweet mutton may last you for life.
 Now, sure this gay temple was built up to please,
 And not to endure the rude winds from the seas ;
 I'm sure in a tempest it gave me much pain,
 To see it expos'd to the wind and the rain.

Which at once is contriv'd to suit coxcomb and sloven,
 And may do for a band-box as well as an oven.
 The trees are all chill'd by salt *Thetis's* breath,
 For they look like poor pigs that are half whipp'd to
 death ;

But the few that there are, are like other trees green,
 And they serve well enough to enliven the scene.
 But if you'll not censure this letter in sport,
 'Tis building, my friend, and not planting's your forte.
 There's no strait line in beauty, but beauty's disgrac'd,
 Yet your trees all parade regimentally plac'd.
 In cases like this, where's the great obligation,
 Of knowing all arts to divert the whole nation.
 But now I've found fault, and made use of the probe,
 Our *Temple* is not to be match'd on the globe ;
 Not *Abydos* or *Sestos* can vie with its charms,
 Nor did *Hero* receive in her delicate arms
 A lover so blest'd, one so happy as you ;
 For, tell me—than GOLD, what so sterling or true !
 May ye live and be happy, in spite of my jokes,
 Your castle stand firm, and your twigs grow to oaks.
 May your politicks last—nor your wife lose a grace,
 And the fairies dispel every blight from the place.
 You've an ingot of GOLD—yet I wish you more
 wealth ;

Great honour, great spirits, great pleasure and health ;
 May you run on the nail o'er the turnpike of life,
 Sir HENRY, his Lady, Miss GOLD, and your Wife.
 For in all things to you I am honest and fervent ;
 Command me for ever—Your friend and your servant.

Spithead, Feb. 14th, 1779.

THE STRAW-CHAIR.*

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON BOARD THE HYÆNA,

MARCH 14, 1779.

CERES, goddess of the grain,
 Thou reward'st the ploughman's pain ;
 Come, as thou art wont to roam,
 When thou bring'st thy harvest home ;
 Full of love, and full of glee,
 Mirth, and song, and jollity ;
 Crown'd with flow'rs and rosy grace,
 Leading all the milk-maid race
 On the light and frolick toe,
 Bounding nimble as the doe.
 Thus attended, thus advance,
 Reeling in the rural dance,
 To the chearful tabor's sound
 Beating of the hollow ground.
 Thus I woo thee to my aid,
 Buxom, blithsome, bonny Maid !
 With me nor refuse to sit ;
 A harvest I require of wit :
 I must crop and wanton reap—
 Tell me, what than wit's so cheap ?

* A Straw-chair purchased by Capt. Thompson, of an old woman in *Dunlary*, to sleep in at sea.

Goddeſs,

Goddess, list thy poet's pray'r,
 To depict his straw-made Chair !
 Which, when once his voyage is done,
 (Twice across the Zodiack run)
 He'll devote with flow'rs to thee,
 Crown'd with tags of poesy :
 Such—no better I pretend,
 Than *Bath-Easton* bards expend
 When to *Miller's* urn they spend.
 Such as these I mean to bring,
 If with me thou'lt deign to sing.

Not far from golden *Dublin* town,
Dunlary village height,
 A good old woman—*Mary Brown*,
 Sold apples day and night :

That scarce a little girl or boy,
 That could a farthing spare,
 But ran, with eager glee and joy,
 To *Mary Brown's* straw-chair.

No monarch of the golden East,
 No queen, or rich or fair,
 Receiv'd more homage at a feast,
 Than *Mary* in her chair.

It sav'd her, in her wrinkl'd age,
 From winter's nipping air ;
 In vain the elements, in rage,
 Attack'd her warm straw-chair.

Could *England's* King one moment change
 With *Mary Brown* his care ;
 Nor *Kew's* soft sod he'd sigh to range,
 Nor seek his regal chair.

all the ease of love and life,
 A good old woman He ;
 Might sell his apples and his strife
 Without hypocrisy.

For *Mary Brown*, I rightly ween,
 Might an example spare
 To ev'ry monarch, every queen !
 Within her old straw-chair.

For this I'll say, whoe'er is by,
 And why should truth to care ?
 That *Mary Brown* nor told a lye
 Within her straw-built chair.

Ye know, ye little queens and kings,
 Ye lords and ladies fair,
 Bedizen'd round with stars and strings,
 Ye lie in every chair ;

Therefore, I pray example take,
 Your bosoms to lie bare ;
 And for the faint resign the rake,
 Within an old straw-chair.

Ah, *Caroline*, and *V***** Jane* !
 Such Maids of Honour are,
 That they within the straw have lain,
 Yet scorn'd old *Mary's* chair.

Ye

Ye pretty tripping things, that scent
The tangles of your hair,
Will one day fight for the content
Of an old easy chair.

Then take advice, ye sliding maids,
Nor now neglect your pray'rs ;
That when your blooming beauty fades,
Ye may have easy chairs.

But *Ceres*, stop,
I ask'd a crop—
A crop, indeed, you've given ;
Here is so mickle,
I'll break my sickle,
And ride Old *Peg* * to Heaven :

For who can bear
This old straw-chair,
Nor of the nonsense tire ;
Therefore, my fear is,
Madam *Ceres*,
My chair will feel the fire.

Henceforth I'll snatch
This special thatch,
Among the Triton train ;
Give *Mary Brown*
An *English* crown,
And ride in't o'er the main.

* *Pegasus*—the poet's hack.

Ingratitude surely's the sin of all sins,
And he most ungrateful must prove,
Who upon his sleeve no remembrance pins,
Of *Mary Brown's* chair and her love.

Of myself I can say, that this is not the case,
For I've taken most special good care,
To honour my cabbin, and give the first place
To this excellent, easy straw-chair.

When the billows run high, and the Parson grows sick,
And his face is depicted with care,
His psalm-book he shuts, and he thinks on Old Nick,
And sinks to repose in the chair.

When the tempest howls loud, through the rigging
and shrouds,
And into my hammock creeps *Care*,
As a stranger, I'm civil, altho' he intrudes,
And with ease I repose in my chair.

Through every climate of cold and of heat,
Of ease it hath granted a share ;
To my sea-tumbl'd bones it hath been a kind feat,
And for ever I'll honour the chair.

Ah, good *Mary Brown*, if to Heav'n thou'rt flown,
And makest good apple-pies there,
May *Pomona**, good dame fit your brow with a crown,
And seat thee with Gods in a chair !

* The old apple-woman of the clouds.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN, A SEA CATCH.

BAY OF BISCAY, MARCH 14, 1779.

HIP!—Tom Bellum!—Turn out Ned,
Up aloft to the top-mast head :
Look upon the larboard bow—
I see the land!—'tis England, well I know.
Tom, thy hand—Frank, your fist—tip your daddle,
Ned !

Welcome, boys, off Beachy-head !
I saw the land—I claim a cann !
Sling it first ; now fill it up—
Sup, my boys—sup,
To rosy Moll, and white-neck'd Nan !

[*Musick more soft.*]

Within the Downs I see the fleet !
The rising boat forsakes the shore :
Should I be blest my MARY fair to meet,
I would not envy, boys, the Commodore.

[*Musick more quick.*]

'Tis her, 'tis her!—she leaves the land ;
I see her wave her lilly hand.
Scratch a draft upon my banker.
She hails, she hails !—
Clew up the sails :
Let go the anchor !

CON-

CONSTANCY TO EMMA.

E M M A, to me you never can be old,
 Such seems your beauty ; tho' three winters' cold
 Have from the forest shook three summers' pride,
 Since first you laid, and blest'd your EDWARD's side.
 Ah ! well I ween, you ken the happy hours
 We stray'd in *Mortlake* meads, and gather'd flow'rs !
 Nor can your mind, tho' upon pleasures bent,
Richmond forget, and our possess'd content.
 Alas ! all these I gave, and with them—Thee,
 To cruize for gain upon the tumbling sea !
 And if those riches which I seek, I meet,
 I'll spread them all beneath my beauty's feet :
 She on my laurels and my wealth shall tread,
 And blest the hero in a quiet bed.
 Let not, my love, idolatry be nam'd,
 Altho' for love and constancy I'm fam'd ;
 Since all my verses and my praises rise
 To one, of one, and such the world shall prize !
 Fair, kind, and true, to EMMA's all my theme ;
 Fair, kind, and true, I sing awake, and dream ;
 Fair, kind, and true, have ever liv'd alone,
 Which three are now united all in one.
 Whene'er I con old verses, of old times,
 Of beauties making beautiful old rhymes,
 In praise of heroes dead, and lovely maids,
 I feel within my breast—this never fades ;

But

But will recount your heav'nly charms in rhyme,
 And give your virtues to the latest time :
 Make youths unborn with envy lack our days—
 So fair was EMMA, she surpass'd all praise.

RUNNING TO MADEIRA,

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1779.

TO day I'm very ill—I'm very sick,
 Yet Doctor *Baggs* he wish'd to lay Old Nick ;
 Believing that this fever we have got,
 May par-boil some in Satan's brimstone pot ;
 He therefore, like the Indians, thinks it right
 To pray his *Devilship*—to say good night.
 And if a foe can be appeas'd by pray'r,
 I think 'tis very right to speak him fair :
 Whatever unknown land affords a port,
 'Tis always best to have a friend at court.

S O N N E T.

TO MISS ANLEY,
ON HER LEAVING GUERNSEY.

IS there a youth will not complain,
A heart will not deplore,
When you attempt the faithless main,
And leave this flow'ry shore.

The tides more bold, will higher rise,
And scorn our rocky piers :
They'll draw assistance from our eyes,
New currents from our tears !

Then fare thee well, gay beauteous maid !
May *Cupids* fill thy train :
May *Neptune* grant thee all his aid,
And smooth the swelling main !

Thus crown'd with blessings, you depart,
Yet cruel and unkind ;
From every breast you steal a heart—
Nor leave your *own* behind !

K I L L M A C U D :

INSCRIBED TO MRS. O'RILEY.

THE sun was bright, the sea was smooth,
 When from *Dunlary* mud,
 The painted barge was launch'd, that bore
 The Queen of *Killmacud*.

Not *Venus*, in the genial hour
 She left the silver flood,
 To charm the world—appear'd so fair
 As Queen of *Killmacud* !

Had she not veil'd her peerless charms,
 What *Triton* had withstood,
 To press the *Venus* of the main—
 The Queen of *Killmacud* !

In charity to *Neptune's* sons,
 She wore a gauzy hood ;
 Her country serv'd—and fav'd the Tars,
 To honour *Killmacud*.

Her skin's so fair—she must have fed
 On pure cœlestial food :
 The breast of *Hebe* would look brown,
 Unveil'd, at *Killmacud* !

Who can behold her, nor admire !
 Such perfect flesh and blood
 Would warm the coldest hermit's heart
 With love—at *Killmacud* !

AN HUMBLE WISH.

OFF PORTO-SANCTO, MARCH 29, 1779.

I NEVER yet arraign'd the will of Heaven,
 Nor ask'd to turn the dispensation given ;
 I ne'er implor'd for any higher boon,
 But supp'd the mess allotted to my spoon.
 Each man at thirty should his doctor be
 Of soul and body, in some small degree ;
 And should, in short, be able to prescribe,
 When either's out of tune, without the tribe :
 For can those round-heads, who have studied both,
 For strangers' maladies deal out a ~~both~~ ?
 For he is booby, fool, and coward too,
 When fears compel him to consult the crew.
 Less men would die, and more would go to Heaven,
 Who made their bread without these doctors' leaven ;
 I mean by doctors, wretched quacks, who stray
 The country round, and poison human clay ;
 Who give their nostrums to the gaping crew,
 And kill and damn both soul and body too.
 It is in vain to catalogue this stock—
 Take Lady *Huntingdon* and Doctor *Rock*.
 I'm now in health, and in my fortieth year,
 And of these rocks and shoals I've steered clear ;
 I've ne'er had soul and body yet at strife,
 But kept them, cheek by jowl, good friends thro' life.
 I've serv'd my country nine and twenty years,
 A mere light chip, the sport of all the spheres :

To

To *India* I was early sent in youth ;
 Then banded to the North, the West, and South ;
France, Holland, Prussia, Portugal, and Spain,
America, and all the Western main.
 Now I'm for *Guinea*, in an infant war,
 Chief of a gallant ship, where ev'ry tar,
 Ragged and lousy, hungry is, and poor,
 Well fitted a rich *Frenchman* to devour.
 As for sea hardships, they create my smiles—
 We'll bury them in the *Canary Isles* ;
 In the soft lap of beauteous *Portuguese*,
 The olive *Syrrens* of those summer seas.
 Now for my Wish—and *Venus* hear the strain !
 When I've this bark conducted o'er the main,
 And I return with golden laurels bound,
 Parcel me out a little fertile ground,
 And build thereon a house, by some thick wood,
 And at the mountain's foot a rapid flood :
 The river stor'd with trout, the wood with game,
 And lovely *Emma* my propitious dame !
 Retir'd from war—the bustle of the seas,
 Let me repose with her in health and ease ;
 I seek no star or honours of the land ;
 I'd rather have a kiss of her white hand
 Than all the salutations of *St. James*,
 Where nobles truck their characters for names.
 I only bend my knee to Her and Heaven,
 Nor pray for aught, but thank for what is given.
 If ye who rule the clouds, and guide the sun,
 Will perfect this before my sand is run,
 I bow—if not—your mighty wills be done.

A MORN-

A
MORNING SONNET TO EMMA.

HYÆNA, OFF THE RIVER GAMBIA,

MAY 24, 1779.

WHERE is the Love whom I adore,
Who doth my soul, my heart command?
She lives not on this savage shore—
The beauty of a fairer land!

Say, *Venus*, wilt thou never deign
To hear a constant lover's tale!
Must I in vain prolong the strain,
Nor hope my wishes may prevail?

Must I endure the pelting rain,
The scorching sun, the tossing wave;
And you, the Goddess of the main,
Let me remain so long a slave?

In honour of yourself and fame,
In compliment to beauty's charms,
Oh, bear me hence, propitious dame!
And fold me within *Emma's* arms.

AN EPISTLE FROM EMMA,*

TO HER

COMPANION, GROGG,†

ON BOARD THE HYÆNA.

MOUTH OF GAMBIA RIVER, MAY 24, 1779.

I HAVE just slipp'd away, my dear *Grogg*, in a corner,

To tell thee, thy *Emma*'s a woe-begone mourner ;
 To explain my misfortunes at length, in a letter ;
 Though, alas ! I've no hope they will ever be better.
 As one ev'ning I follow'd the steps of my master,
 Who's as fat as yourself—nor moves he aught faster,
 I nimbly leap'd into the boat to receive him—
 'Twas my rule, since a puppy, *Grogg*, never to leave
 him :

But my captain he stood in *confab* on the shore,
 And none more loves talking than him in the corps :
 Thus he inattentive, and I full of tricks,
 Not minding the *Spaniards*, the boys, or their sticks,
 A lank, meager, fallow, and ill-favour'd rascal,
 As *Y****** ugly, and cunning as *M******,

* A favourite Spaniel, who was stolen by the *Spaniards* at *Teneriffe*.

† A *Newfoundland* Dog.

Whipt me up in a trice, and went off with the prize;
 In spite of my friends, and in spite of my cries.
 I'd no chance with my master; he never would hollow,
 But cry'd—let her watch—'tis her business to follow.
 Now, if poor Master *Tommy* had only been there,
 He had whistled me back with a pull of the ear.
 However, I'm stolen—a convent my doom;
 Condemn'd to religion, fast, penance, and gloom.
 But the fat, holy Fryar, who tickles each Nun,
 Is fond of a bottle, his dog, and his gun—
 So Father *Francisco* and I roam together;
 He sweating in woollen this kitchen-fire weather;
 Who, when he is weary, returns for a nap,
 While I take a doze in the Abbess's lap:
 For, what is the reason I never could tell,
 I was always the fav'rite of ev'ry belle.
 But, alas! my good friend, tho' in this there is ease,
 Yet a life of retirement my temper can't please;
 Besides, their religion's a burthen to me,
 For you know we've but little of that now at sea:
 But my master, of late, is grown sick of the times,
 And he carries a Chaplain, to patch up his crimes;
 But I fear all his faith is shiver'd to rags,
 Nor can be repair'd by the skill of *Dan Baggs*.
 But Liberty, Liberty's what I adore!
 The growth of dear *Britain*, and not of this shore.
 And indeed, my good friend, if things once take a
 turn,
 There's no knowing who next may or hang or may
 burn.

* Chaplain of the ship.

But

But I've told you my case—I may here die a martyr,
 For the place is furrounded with endless salt water.
 With grief I repine, to reflect on my lot—
 How happy I swang with dear *Tom*, in his cot!
 How I pranc'd and I play'd round the deck and the
 cabbin,

'Till you ravish'd my person like *Roman* on *Sabine*.
 And indeed, Mr. *Grogg*, I believe I am *preg*,
 For I'm now grown so big, I can't wag on a leg;
 And if the sweet creatures but look like their Dad,
 With such a dear offspring I cannot be sad.
 I suppose all the love and affection of *Tommy*
 Went off with a bird, or a monkey, when from me.
 Well, send him but happy, and keep him in health;
 The Gods give him grace, and my master much
 wealth;

And believe me, your *Emma* will die without sigh,
 And trust for a place among dogs in the sky.
 For tell me, what reason a tenet can show,
 Not to follow my master above, as below:
 And why should divines, pray, employ each his pen,
 That dogs hav'nt souls, tho' companions of men:
 It is stuff, and not orthodox, dear Mr. *Grogg*,
 And contriv'd to divide a good master and dog.
 My love to my ship-mates, *Jack*, *Jem*, and *Battese*;
 May each have allowance of borgoo and pease:
 May *Tommy* keep gay, and my Captain keep jolly,
 And take many prizes, to comfort poor *Polly*.
 Ah! could I but lick her white hand, I'd rejoice,
 Or see her blue eyes, or attend her sweet voice;

For a master so kind, and a mistress so fair,
 Will never, I fear, fall again to my share.
 May they live to embrace, when this voyage it is o'er,
 And clasp too so fast, that they cannot part more ;
 And if I know the hearts of the man and the fair,
 'They'll heartily join to the Gods in this pray'r.
 Adieu, my dear *Grogg*, and where-ever you sail,
 May you never, dear boy, lose the wag of your tail !
 Whatever new beauties allure you to stray,
 Yet remember your *Emma* for ever and ay.

FROM JACHO* TO EMMA,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

SURE, Miss, there is some short apology due,
 More especially too, Ma'am, from *Jacho* to you ;
 But *Grogg*, Miss, you know, is a dull clumsy creature,
 Grotesque in his manners, grotesque in each feature ;
 The wretch too is fat—but he is not a fool,
 Without the advantage of public school.
 My pen therefore's yours—I wish you a better,
 Yet I'm charm'd; tho' unknown, to reply to your
 letter.

There is not a day that you are not the toast,
 While I am belay'd to a gun or a post.

* A *Gambia* Monkey.

But to hear them recount all your tricks and your charms,

Makes me sigh to embrace your dear form in my arms ;
And perhaps, were you here, I'd be loose now and then,

For liberty's pleasing to monkies and men.

But I bear this restraint with the soul of a sage,

And pity the paroquets lock'd in their cage.

If men would reflect, nor be sulky and grum,

From ev'ry condition a moral may come ;

And therefore I chatter, they're pleas'd with the jargon—

In all things I make, Ma'am, the best of a bargain.

When your letter arriv'd, we were sick and distress'd,

In *Gambia* burnt up, and destroy'd by a pest :

We were nothing, in truth, but *Tonados* and troubles,

The air was all thunder, the sea was all bubbles ;

Without any water, without any stock,

The bread too all musty—four months from a dock :

The people all dying, the med'cines all done !

How fit for an action—when every gun

Must be mann'd but by shadows of heroes and sailors,

As unequal to men, Miss, as monkies and taylor.

But I think all their hearts too were good in their bellies,

Tho' they stood much in need of beef-steaks and calf-jellies.

In this turmoil of sorrow, sea, thunder, and rain,

We were toss'd to and fro, like a ship on the main.

The Captain most prudent, turn'd round on his toe,

Put the ship 'fore the wind, to *Barbadoes* to go.

With a scanty allowance of fowls, pigs, and sheep,
 To serve us a thousand long leagues o'er the deep ;
 But *Thomas*, you know, Ma'am, a tight little fellow,
 Is an excellent steward, for he never is mellow ;
 He's so saving, attentive, and provident too,
 That he spins out our stock to a wonderful clue.
 Alas ! but for him, we should soon come to crumbs ;
 For my principal diet is chicken and plumbs,
 With a cup full of punch, over which I have sang
 A thousand impromptus to *Emma le Blanc*.
 In our converse and cups you are sure to be found,
 For all other women with us are a-ground.
 We have three things on board, who, before we set
 sail,

Were something like women about head and tail ;
 But now they're so chang'd, by hard labour and
 friction,

That to tell what they are is above all my diction.
 The Captain he laughs, and he says 'tis his notion,
 That they'll longitude find by their perpetual motion.
 Poor *Tommy* they nurs'd, and would often get
 drunkie ;

I'll pledge myself, Ma'am, they ne'er charm'd our
 good unky,

And I'll answer, in all, for the taste of his monkey.]
 They have gone thro' the ship, Ma'am, with *Scotchmen*
 and *Teagues*,

And they favour so high, you may wind them a league.
 But this is a subject too coarse for your nose,
 Which knows no other smell but the essence of beaux ;

I'll

I'll therefore dismiss it, and beg you to think,
 You are never forgot in our converse and drink.
 But if you will pardon a freedom so new,
 I beg to inclose, Ma'am, my picture to you :
 'Tis a custom but us'd by the heads of great houses,
 When princes can't travel, and yet must have spouses :
 Not that I my sweet self with such notions am feeding,
 I can't look so high as a dame of your breeding ;
 But in writing, or fighting, you'll e'er find me spunky,
 Your servant, your lover, your *Jacho*, your *Monkey*.

R O S E L. *

A S O N N E T.

TO MISS SOPHY LEMPRIERE.

LET lofty bards, in sounding verse,
 Of wars, of battles tell ;
 While I in rural strains rehearse,
 The charms of sweet *Rosel*.

Here all the loves and graces reign,
 And *Flora* bears the belle,
 On every hill, on every plain,
 Around the sweet *Rosel*.

* *Rosel* is the name of a delightful spot in *Jersey*, the seat of
 Mr. *Lempriere*.

Pomona

Pomona culls her fairest wreath,
To crown her fav'rite maids ;
Who knit and range the flow'ry heath,
Or sing beneath her shades.

But where, among the virgin throng,
Is one that can excell
Sophy, the theme of ev'ry song,
The nymph of sweet *Rosel* ?

May ev'ry maid and ev'ry swain,
The poet's blessing share ;
And ev'ry hill, and ev'ry plain,
Feel all the poet's pray'r.

Pomona, Queen of *Jersey* Isle,
Fair guardian of each belle,
Never refuse a genial smile
To *Sophy* and *Rosel* !

A S E A S I M I L E.

GRANT that my life may, like a ship at sea,
For ever sail in most top-gallant trim :
Smoothly before the wind my vessel flee,
Yet in the center of a circle swim.

THE COOK-M A I D,
A S O N G.

“ *Jamdudum animus, est in patinis.*”

’T IS a system receiv’d on each road, at each inn,
That the chambermaid’s pretty and fair ;
But the rule we’ll subvert, and I hope ’tis no sin,
If a bard makes a Cook all his care :
For there’s nought that I’ve seen, whatsoever is said,
Like the pretty brown cook at the *Blackamoor’s-Head*.*

In *Gainſboro’* town, to all strangers averſe,
An honeſt republican breed ;
Tho’ they’re churls of their broth, yet their hearts
I’ll rehearſe,

But give *Sally* the wreath and the mead :
For ſhe is the laſs whom a Captain might wed,
The pretty brown cook at the *Blackamoor’s-Head* !

As black as a ſloe, and as bright as the ſun,
Are the eyes of this pretty brown girl ;
They ſwim in a fluid of frolick and fun,
And her teeth are as white as a pearl !
With the meat that ſhe dreſſes a king might be fed,
By the pretty brown cook at the *Blackamoor’s-Head*.

* An Inn in *Gainſborough*.

Ye Gods ! what a *dripping-pan* Sally displays ;
 To paint it demands all my wit ;
 To *baste* her sweet *mutton*—I'd give up the bays,
 If such flesh I might stick on the spit !
 Such life and such spirits, such true white and red,
 Grace the pretty brown cook at the *Blackamoor's-Head*.

How happy, thrice happy, must be the young man !
 Who, like me, she ne'er leaves in the lurch ;
 Who can use ev'ry day both her *pot* and her *pan*,
 By her *drudging-box* powder'd for church.
 How I envy the dresser on which she is spread,
 The pretty brown cook at the *Blackamoor's-Head*.

TO EMMA, EXTEMPORE.

HYÆNA, OFF GAMBIA, JUNE 4, 1779.

THO' Love's my daily and my nightly theme,
 Yet of his softer joys I seldom dream ;
 And tho' I press my pillow with a pray'r,
 That ev'ry God makes *Emma* all his care,
 Yet still I ne'er recount her beauteous charms,
 Nor in idea clasp her in my arms.
 This is both adverse, cruel, and unkind,
 When all my body, all my soul, and mind,
 Are bound, devoted to her vital sway,
 The empress of my heart, whom I obey.

But

But what kind impulse touch'd on *Cupid's* breast
 Last night, I cannot tell—but when at rest,
 And rolling, tumbling on this scorching wave,
 A mere sea-drudge, a very *Guinea* slave—
 Methought I met you, tidy, gay, and neat,
 White, with pink ribbons, in *St. James's-street* :
 You smil'd, you look'd most fair, and smartly said,
 Come home to tea, and blest thy *Emma*, *Ned*!—
 Whether this pleasing assignation prov'd
 Too great a transport to the mind that lov'd—
 I wak'd—with horror curst my cruel state,
 That you was fled, and *Africa* my fate.
 But be this coast my curse—make Love my theme,
 And beauteous *Emma* ev'ry night my dream !

O N

LIEUTENANT HENRY LEAKE

BEING KILLED AT HELL-GATE IN AMERICA.

AT *Hell-Gate* Harry Leake was kill'd,
 Alas ! the fatal blow !
 In future things he was well skill'd—
Hal had not far to go !

F.

WRIT-

WRITTEN IN A STORM,
OFF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR,
FEBRUARY 1, 1780.

GIVE me a thatch'd cottage beneath a green hill,
With game in the wood, and with trout in the rill ;
The wealth and romance which must buoy up the Tar,
I resign, with the honours and colours of war.

A soft easy bed, from all hurricanes quiet,
No drum beat to quarters, no pipe make a riot ;
But lull'd in the arms of the girl I adore,
I leave fame and fatigue to the *Blue-and-White Corps*.

When hail pelts the casement, and winds howl around,
My curtains close reef'd, I shall sleep very sound :
If I wake, I may pity my mess-mates at sea,
'Then coil in the arms of my love with more glee.

For joy in proportion should mount above care,
Reflecting on woes which nor fall to our share—
For who sees a ship, which the storm makes its sport,
But comforts himself, that he's safe in a port ?

Who does not enjoy the retreat of the cot,
When a battle he sees—safe remov'd from the shot !
This maxim a foggy Philosopher* sung,
When knowledge was scarce, and mankind were but
young.

* One Mr. *Lucretius*, of Rome ; a great seeds-man by trade.
He was the first who wrote of propagation, and the *femina rerum*.

Then

Then give me sweet water, ripe fruit, and white bread,
 The woman I love, and a soft downy bed ;
 Let lads now explore, I have done with the seas,
 I give glory for love, and ambition for ease !

E P I G R A M.

THE L I O N ' s D E N .

UPON the scorching sands of *Afric's* shore,
Jerry and *Ned* advent'rous did explore ;
 Through aromatic woods, and deserts wide,
 They roam'd, with one poor savage for their guide.
 Fruitless they toil'd—at last the Negro cry'd,
 Here, Masters, here—and led the Tars aside—
 Here's special sport for you great Bucaro men—
 Here sleeps a noble lion in his den.
Ned says, go in !—*Jerry* replied askew—
 I being no *Daniel*, Sir—will follow you !

A S O N N E T,
SUNG EXTEMPORE TO MARIA.

SWEET are the stolen hours of Love,
Such hours as I've enjoy'd with you :
Those hours continue to improve,
For hours of happiness are few.

Ah, dear *Maria* ! fan the flame
Which love and friendship did prepare ;
To live and love is all my aim—
Life without Love's not worth our care.

A P R O L O G U E
T O
ST. HELENA; OR, THE ISLE OF LOVE.
SPOKEN BY A SAILOR.

LADIES and Gentlemen, I am no hand
At paying compliments upon the land ;
For I've no *Greek* or *Latin* in my head—
Captain and I were both at *Wapping* bred.
But he, nor frightened, boldly keeps the deck,
And swears no landman shall his vessel wreck.

He

He bade me anchor weigh—make sail a-head,
 To sound your dispositions by the lead !
 What water have we ?—Shoal !—by *Jove* I fear,
 If that's the case, our *Peter-boat* won't steer :
 Tho' Captain's bold, and takes himself the helm,
 Nor fears your squalls [*Gallery*] his vessel may o'er-
 whelm :

He minds no thunder, [*Pit*] or these critick rocks,
 But dreads the heavenly lightning from each box.
 Such electricity nor he defies,

Such syrens fascinate all sailors' eyes.

He comes no duffer, with false goods t'impose,

And sell you *Spitalfields* for *India* hose ;

Nor does he seek this crouded, motley spot,

Bending beneath a pack, like pedlar *Scot* :

He courts your custom, nor's the Tar afraid

To shew you all his little stock in trade.

Avast !—He bade me look—and with a sneer,

Cry'd—*Sam*, pray smook—there's no Exciseman
 here !—

If so, poor rogue, his hopes are in the suds,

For all his cargo is run *India* goods !

And should you cruel prove—his venture seize,

Poor *Jack* must hence unto the rolling seas.

Now, were you ship-mates, you would take these hints,

Nor with your *aquæ-fortis* spoil his chintz.

Should you desert him, [*Pit*] and his new press'd
 crew,

Ye boys of *Wapping* [*Gallery*] he'll depend on you.

For hard's his fate, who 'scapes *Atlantick* fury,

To lose his vessel on the coast of *Drury*.

A SON.

He

A SONNET TO EMMA.

AT DAWN OF DAY, AUGUST 22, 1779.

ZEPHYRS, bear me o'er the ocean,
 To my blue-ey'd beauty's arms ;
 There, repos'd from sea-toss'd motion,
 Let me rest from all alarms.

With her friendship there reward me,
 Rocks and billows leave behind ;
 She in halcyon moments guard me,
 Sooth my soul, and calm my mind.

Happy, happy, happy failor !
 After long and weary toil,
 (A mere navigable jailor)
 To embrace thy native soil !

Folded in the arms of *Emma*,
 To enjoy the nights in bliss ;
 Rescu'd from each sea dilemma,
 By her sweet, ambrosial kiss !

Love, perfume thy rosy pinions,
 Take the helm—my frigate steer !
 I am bound to thy dominions,
 Guide me in the gay career.

See the flow'ry shore's before me,
 Now I'll furl the sails of Care !
 If the false *Hyæna* bore me,
 I am true—as thou art fair.

SONG

S O N G.

WHEN *Jove* was resolv'd to create the round
earth,

He subpœna'd the Virtues divine :
Young *Bacchus* he sat *præcedentum* of mirth,
And the toast was, Wit, Women, and Wine !

The sentiment tickl'd the ear of each God—
Apollo he wink'd to the *Nine* ;
And *Venus* gave *Mars* a sly wanton nod,
When she drank to Wit, Women, and Wine !

Old *Jove* shook his sides, and the cup put around,
While *Juno*, for once, look'd divine :
These blessings, says she, shall on earth now abound,
And the toast is, Wit, Women, and Wine !

These are joys worthy Gods, which to mortals are
given,
Says *Momus*, who will not repine ;
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in Heaven,
If men have Wit, Women, and Wine ?

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven ;
Such attractions no power can decline :
Old *Jove*, by yourself you will keep house in Heaven,
We'll follow Wit, Women, and Wine.

'Thou'rt right, says Old *Jove*, let us hence to the earth,
Men and Gods think variety fine ;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
Are below, with Wit, Women, and Wine !

A RE-

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1779.

LAT. 44 N.—LONG. 29. 0. W.

WERE I a humble shepherd's boy,
 I'd pass my hours in ease and joy;
 I'd jocund rise, and meet the sun,
 And to the misty mountain run;
 Where I'd unfold my bleating charge,
 And let them feed, and range at large.
 A faithful dog should tend my side—
 What *Naso* was, before he died:
 White were his feet—his colour yellow—
 Three kingdoms could not find his fellow.
 I've match'd him in the cover'd glens
 Of *Scotland*, and in *Irish* fens:
 Thro' brake, thro' thicket, water, heath,
 He bore the praise—the sylvan wreath.
 Fam'd for fidelity and watch,
 Him *Homer's Argus* could not match.
 But when his mistress lost her pride,
 And swerv'd—poor *Naso* pin'd, and died.
 A dog as faithful tend my side,
 If blind, to be my steady guide:
 For I, with loss of arm or leg,
 May yet, like *Bellisarius* beg;
 For in this age of rotten hearts,
George hath not half *Justinian's* parts.

Thus

Thus while they crop the scented thyme,
 I'll sing of wars in lofty rhyme ;
 And chant of billows and of seas,
 To give a relish to my ease :
 But yield the boatswain's pipe and bark
 To the sweet mattins of the lark.
 Instead of trumpet, and the glass,
 With wreathed crook I'll dightlly pass
 The velvet of the verdant lawn—
 Pleas'd with the frisking of the fawn.
 Drums, guns, and tawdry, bunting flags,
 Pageants of honour—martial rags,
 I'll give to those who can withstand
 The blooming fragrance of the land.
 In short, a Shepherd I would be,
 Rather than Adm'ral of the sea.
 Would Heaven, courteous to my pray'r,
 Give *Emma* faithful as she's fair,
 Then would I turn upon the main,
 The fleets of *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
 And freely yield them all their glory,
 Their *patriæ est decorum mori*.
 With her the nimble hours to while,
 To softly speak, and sweetly smile :
 At night with her in peace to rest,
 Is to be most supremely blest.

Now, nine and twenty tedious years,
 Through seas of grief, and vales of tears,
 Round the great world, a slave I've sail'd—
 In ev'ry turn of fortune sail'd ;

The sport, the chip of adverse fate,
 And old without a *small* estate.
 And to pursue the adverse war,
 Against my over-ruling star,
 Is but to multiply distress,
 And make me very little—less.
 Battles and storms, and adverse climes,
 More crude and harsh than Ladies' rhymes,
 I've suffer'd, buffeted, and bore,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore !
 And now, before my sand is run,
 Before I lose the sinking sun,
 Some halcyon harbour I will seek,
 Some smooth, well cover'd, shelter'd creek ;
 Where I, along the bank secure,
 My little bark will safely moor.
 I'll furl the anxious sails of Care,
 And to the hills and meads repair :
 O'er winter fires repeat my stories,
 My hair-breadth 'scapes, and naval glories—
 Pity the impress'd sons of war,
 And drink to ev'ry honest Tar.
Emma shall listen with delight,
 And sing my *requiem* ev'ry night :
 She shall alone, in latter day,
 Smooth the declining, tott'ring way,
 Shall close my eyes—to ope on God,
 And lay me 'neath some village sod,
 Where clowns, unletter'd, shall rehearse,
 And spell, and drawl this tinkling verse :

E P I T A P H.

“ ’TIS wonderful strange—yet ’tis true as ’tis
 “ strange,
 “ Here lies one on his back, who the world round
 “ did range :
 “ Who for twenty-nine years cruis’d the turbulent
 “ main,
 “ And contended two wars against *Gallia* and *Spain* ;
 “ And tho’ he commanded the best sailing ship,
 “ That ever bore gun-powder, canvas, or flip,
 “ Yet he ne’er took a prize, tho’ ten years a com-
 “ mand,
 “ That would purchase the Captain one acre of land.
 “ But to what distant country his vessel did swim,
 “ All women and ships were *Hyænas* to him.
 “ Yet in spite of distresses, and ev’ry mishap,
 “ ’Till death let his *top-sails* run down on the cap,
 “ With griefs and misfortunes the Sailor was even—
 “ He laugh’d at them all—and weigh’d anchor for
 “ Heaven !”

A S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

THE top-sails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, *Mary*, moor'd with thee !
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still Love shall be his leading star.

 Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 Oh, doubt their artful tales :
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales !
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole !

 Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But such as grace the *British* fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves !
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

 These are our cares—but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main ;
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of *France* and *Spain* !
 Now *England*'s glory rests with you—
 Our sails are full—sweet girls—adieu !

SON-

S O N N E T.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

L A D Y.

SEA Nymphs, I have lost my Love !
Have you seen him in your train ?
He was never apt to rove,
But with you upon the main.

N Y M P H.

Emma, we have seen your Love
Ride triumphant in our train !
You his absence nor reprove,
While at war with *France* and *Spain*.

L A D Y.

Ah ! what dangers must he run,
From th' uncertain fate of war !
Shield him from the sword and gun,
Sisters, save the gallant Tar !

N Y M P H.

Beauteous *Emma*, calm your fears ;
Banish hence all false alarms :
He comes to kiss away your tears—
He flies into your faithful arms !

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN CHARLES CLERKE,
OF THE DISCOVERY:

Who made three voyages round the world, with *Byron* and *Cook*; and died at *Macco*, in accomplishing the fourth. No man ever sailed over so many leagues of water. Few men had so much coarse wit, good sense, and honesty: no man possessed more honour. In the early part of his marine life he was a pupil of mine, and served with me in the wars of 1757 to 1762, in the *Dorsetshire* and *Bellona*.

THO' in the *Styx* *Charles Clerke* at last is hurl'd,
He put a girdle three times round the world;
But while he try'd the fourth, and proudly sail'd,
Death back'd his top-sails, and most rudely hail'd—
“The *Resolution*, hoy!”—*Charles* turn'd his ears,
And said, Death hails—let's give *Old-bones* three
cheers!—
Mefs-mates, farewell!—Complete the voyage—I'm
ready—
Charon, put off!—Steer small—steady, boy, steady!

THE NIGRO NAIAD.

A PARODY ON FANNY BLOOMING FAIR.

COMPOSED EXTEMPORE ON THE OCCASION IN ST. KITT'S,

FEBRUARY 13, 1781.

NOT *Fanny* blooming fair,
Now caught my ravish'd sight,
But *Fanny*, plump and bare,
And black as twelve at night!

Whilst eagerly I hung
On beauties new and swart,
Into the stream the *Naiad* sprung,
And bore away my heart!

In her white full orb'd eyes
No laughing loves appear;
In mourning *Cupid* lies—
His darts are blunted there.

Her shining cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own;
Excelling *Baillie's** pride—
His blacking made in town.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of *Jove*:
Her features all express,
She's not the Queen of Love!

* See his advertisement for shining liquid blacking.

What

What strength my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of this bright charcoal maid,
 Rise—pouting to be press'd !

Venus, round *Fanny's* waist,
 Has not her cestus bound
 With filks ; nor is she lac'd
 To dance the circle round.

But when the *banjer* * plays,
Fann dances without shoes,
 Or stockings—zone—or stays—
 The graces all unloose !

ON THE DEATH OF
 LORD LYTTTELTON.

DECEMBER 1779.

HERE lies Lord *Lyttelton*, the Muses' pride !
 Who fought for lucre on the Tory side :
 He turn'd—then falter'd in his speech, and died.

* It is a discordant instrument the *Negroes* bring from *Africa*, made with three wires, like the guitar ; which they strum to words of a lascivious sort, to inspire the dancers with zeal and activity.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO EMMA;

WRITTEN IN A GALE OF WIND,

RETURNING TO BARBADOES.

WHILE it blows very strong, and it rains very
 fast,
 Old *Love's* * looking out, to take care of each
 mast;
 Tho' on Heaven than him, we ought more to de-
 pend,
 He has lost us a yard, and a boom at each end:
 In this critical time, when all service is hard,
 We ill can afford, Ma'am, to lose a good yard.
Palinurus is now grown so old and so cold,
 That the tempest may howl, and the Captain may
 scold;
 The stiff little man, he still holds the same grace,
 Whether anchors hold fast, or the masts keep their
 place;
 For, to save the whole squadron, this old, easy
 finner,
 Wou'dn't lose a hot breakfast, or give up a dinner.
 'Tis a sort of philosophy sailors should learn,
 Who wish to be snug from the stem to the stern.

* The Master of the *Hyæna*.

Just now Doctor B**** is in terrible tripes ;
 Each viand he eats gives his virtue the gripes—
 The ship stands on end now, so great is her motion ;
 And the Doctor leaves praying, to damn down the
 ocean :

He starts from the locker, and cries, Sir, I'm undone,
 Unless you'll allow me to go off to *London*.

I reply, with some gravity—not like dejection—
 To be sure, Doctor B****, I can have no objection ;
 Let me ring but the bell, you shall travel secure,
 I'll instantly order the chaise to the door.

At this he turns up all the white of his eyes,
 And with passion, emotion, he shows his surprize,
 By calling aloud—who with him would not wonder,
 To hear songs upon storms, and have puns upon
 thunder !

Tho' the Doctor, indeed, is not oft in this style,
 But at present, poor soul, he's distress'd with the
 bile ;

And when that's the case, he finds fault with the
 weather—

For jaundice and jealousy gallop together !

But to give him his due, on strange shores, and long
 seas,

I ne'er met a person so easy to please :

He is easy in all, as old gloves and old shoes—

He spews while he laughs, and he laughs while he
 spews !

But we heal these small sores with strong punch and
 hard bread—

He goes upon deck, and I roll into bed.

But

But when morning comes round he returns with
fresh glee—

Owens the best way to *London* is still by the sea.

At this present writing, pray know you, dear Ma'am,

We are tumbled about by a storm, not a calm !

We are bound from the fleet, with a cargo of news,

Will make all the Ministers pifs in their shoes :

In short, to be short, my dear delicate wench,

The handsome *Jack B***** is beat by the *French* !

I saw his smooth face—sure as eggs faith are eggs,

He'll never admire, or look more at his legs !

For the Tars say, who throw ev'ry thing from their
gullet,

He's a damn'd deal too handsome, to venture a
bullet !

Now, how things are revers'd by brave *Barrington*
Sam,

Who for face, fire, or *Frenchman*, nor cares he a
damn ;

He's so pepper'd and maul'd, both with langrel and
balls,

No drudging-box top was so fill'd full of holes.

Since *Harry* the Fifth, 'tis the next Prince of *Wales*,

For her sides have more shot than her bottom has
nails.

Tim Edwards, the *Cornwall*, a poor stingy bitch,

Than him, in the fleet we have nothing more rich ;

Yet *Timsey* nor shew'd of his cash any fear,

For he fought the *French* fleet from the van to the
rear.

There were five but engag'd—faith! I wish there were
more,

For the sake of the *French*, and the fame of the
Corps.

When by us from the deck the squadrons were seen,
We were chasing with glee the gay, fam'd *Iphigene* ; *
And had it not been for the care of *Dan Sutton*,
Who sav'd my poor flesh, to partake of his mutton,
We had certainly driven this ship to the Devil—
But you'll say, my dear Belle, that his kindness was
civil.

For tho' he is brave, he was now much mistaken,
By calling me off—and by saving my bacon.
Had you seen the two fleets, it had made you to
dance!

The *Roses* of *Britain*, and *Lillies* of *France*,
Ne'er look'd in more bloom, or appear'd in more
prime—

They were surely too handsome, to spoil at this time!
The *Lillies* did not like the pricks of the *Roses* ;
They found them too sharp for their delicate noses.
Th' affair was like *K******'s—the business ill-hearted:
They met, and they look'd, and they fought—and
they parted!

But 'twas thought a great stroke—which I don't un-
derstand—

That we conquer'd at sea, while they conquer'd at
land!

With the futile idea, alas! we may smile,
But while we kept the sea, they kept snug ev'ry Isle.

* Count *Kysaint*.

Thro' thunder and tempests of wind, sea, and rain,
 We are once more arriv'd at *Barbadoes* again ;
 Where we drink punch by gallons, eat pepper like
 grapes ;

Make love like distraction—but steer clear of rapes !
 For what with the climate, and what with their toes,
 The man that makes love here, should not have a
 nose ;

But I think it is time to have done with such rhyme,
 As my verses begin to smell strong of the clime.

So *Emma* adieu—and believe me, my dear,
 I am ever thy lover, hereafter or here.

For ever I sigh for the clasp of your arms,

And go into mourning for loss of your charms.

But when lillies and roses are vanish'd and fled,
 Necessity brings strange acquaintance to bed.

But the angels of *Gambia*, *Chili*, *Peru*,

Can ne'er supersede an idea of you :

Ev'ry hour I'm awake, ev'ry hour you're my theme ;

When I sleep, *Cupid* knows I have no other dream :

Then waking, and sleeping, you always are by,

And blest'd with that thought, I will live, and will
 die !



A S O N N E T.

THE ROSES OF THIRTY-ONE.

TO EMMA, OCTOBER 27, 1779,
BEING HER BIRTH-DAY, AND THIRTY-ONE
HER AGE.

A TRUANT Tar the world I've rang'd,
And flatter'd brightest eyes ;
From fair to black I've often chang'd,
And plighted vows and fighs !
From East to West, from North to South,
With ardour I have run ;
Sipp'd sweets delicious from each mouth,
And ne'er content with one.

I'm now reclaim'd—my compass stands,
Nor variation seeks ;
My heart is plighted with my hands,
My tongue but *Emma* speaks !
Maids in their teens I now resign,
By woman I am won :
There are no *Roses* so divine
As those of *thirty-one* !

The VICTORY of St. VINCENT's,

JANUARY 16, 1780. *

'T WAS noon of day—the storm was high,
 In fight *St. Vincent's* Priory,
 When gallant *Affleck* saw
 The *Spanish* fleet, triumphant boast,
 A pow'r upon their native coast,
 To give the ocean law.

The swift *Hyæna* did repeat
 The signal to the *British* fleet;
 Which *Rodney's* soul imprest,
 With all the Hero's patriot flame,
 That fights for liberty and fame,
 To raise a land deprest.

* The great good fortune of Sir *George Rodney* is singular:—
 On the 8th of *January*, 1780, he fell in with a convoy of *Spanish*
 ships, with provisions and naval stores, for *Cales*, from *St.*
Sebastian's, escorted by a new 64 gun ship, most valuably laden.
 These at once rendered a double distress to *Spain*, and relieved the
 garrison of *Gibraltar*, after a blockade, by Admiral *Barfello*, of
 seven months.

On the 16th, the *Hyæna* fortunately led the fleet about three
 leagues, and descried the land; otherwise the course we then
 steered had embayed the fleet. Shortly after, the *Spanish* Squadron
 was discovered, consisting of 13 sail of the line and two frigates,
 about four leagues S. S. E. of the Priory of *Cape St. Vincent's*,
 under the command of Commodore *Don Lungara*, in the *Phoenix*,
 of 80 guns.

For

For line a-breast the signal flew !
 Which cheer'd the hearts of ev'ry crew,
 To charge the haughty foe.
 The *Spaniard* he did not decline
 The fight, but try'd to form the line,
 To give a fatal blow.

Too soon he saw the *English* force,
 Which made him stoop to change his course,
 And press his loftier sails.
 The *French* with justice he condemn'd,
 And while his ships the ocean stemm'd,
 He turn'd his eyes to *Cales*.

But tho' *Langara* bore away,
 He did not run to shun the fray,
 But fell the battle dear :
 The *English* flew on wings of fame !
 Yet his retreat produc'd no shame—
 He bravely fought his rear.

The *Edgar* and the *Bedford* sail'd,
 With valiant chiefs that never fail'd,
 And led the glorious van !
 The *St. Domingo* soon confest,
 She by the *Ajax* was oppress'd,
 When *Uvedale* the man.

The conflict now grew very hot,
 Each party felt the pow'r of shot—
 The *Nereids* left the main :
 They div'd into their coral beds,
 To wring their locks, and hide their heads,
 And weep the loss of *Spain*.

Neptune

Neptune, with anger and surprize,
 Turn'd on the two his streaming eyes,
 And shew'd a stern despair :
 But when the *St. Domingo* fir'd,
 To save himself, the God retir'd—
 She blew into the air !

Horror magnificent ! the blast
 Made fiercest courage stand aghast,
 That never knew a fear !
 And while for vict'ry *Britons* burn'd,
 With pity ev'ry Hero turn'd,
 And gave their fate a tear.

Spain's kindred Saints nor hover'd more
 On silver wings, but fled to shore,
 Unable to protect :
 They dropt the curtain of the night,
 Shock'd at the ruin of the fight—
 Their mighty navy wreckt !

Another scene, as horrid too,
 Awful presented to the view—
 The sea was all in flame !
 The ships were shewn by their own light,
 The cannons roar'd from left to right,
 And spoke their Captains' fame.

Foremost of these let *Cranston* stand,
 An honour to the *British* land,
 A glory to the fleet !
 And while we say that six but fought,
 The *Spaniards* wreaths of laurel bought,
 By being nobly beat !

Ten ling'ring hours the battle hung !
 The while the vaulted welkin rung,
 With shrieks of wild dismay :
 Some, who had 'scap'd the furious blast,
 Cry'd, Mercy on the floating mast !
 To ev'ry wave a prey.

The cool, deliberate *Spaniard*, bore
 The shot's harsh whizz—the cannon's roar,
 Till *Rodney* bravely push'd
 The tow'ring *Sandwich* to the van—
 The *Monarch* struck—confest the man,
 And all in peace was hush'd.

The lofty themes of former wars,
 The battles gain'd by older Tars,
 Shall not suppress this lay :
 For *Spaniards* never were more great—
 Inferior but to those—who beat,
 And chronicled the day !

For *Spain* her time devoted long,
 To give a Phœnix to the throng,
 To draw their wond'ring eyes ;
 This from *Langara*, *Rodney* won,
 And from the ashes of this *Don*
 Shall other Phœnix rise !

S O N G.

IN PARTS.

IN THE MAID OF MEXICO.

FIRST MAN.

BRITAIN! thy chalky cliffs, of yore,
Defy'd the fury of the main :
So when the foe assail'd thy shore,
Thy gallant Heroes sung this strain :

C H O R U S.

Repel the foe—we will be free,
And reign the sovereigns of the sea !

S E C O N D M A N.

The hook-nos'd *Romans*, subtle *Gauls*,
Danes, *Saxons*, tawny sons of *Spain*,
Have bravely storm'd thy Wooden Walls,
And yet thy Heroes sung this strain ;
Repel, &c.

T H I R D M A N.

Shall *British* beauties now despair,
While we in glory ride the main ?
Our gallant hearts shall guard the fair,
And court their lips to sing this strain :
Repel, &c.

. F O U R T H M A N .

No more let faction warp the land,
Our happy laws, and charters stain;
New *Raleighs*, *Rodneys*, shall command,
If hand and heart you join this strain :

G R A N D C H O R U S .

Repel the foe—we will be free,
And reign the sovereigns of the sea.

A I R .

F R O M T H E M A I D O F S U R R E Y .

NO T *Windfor's* turret hill so proud,
With *Richmond* can compare !
Not *Harrow's* spire, which tempts the cloud,
Or *Hampstead's* half so fair !

On *Richmond-Hill* my Beauty dwells,
The Hill of all this Isle !
Where she's the top of all the belles,
Tho' there the Graces smile.

Oh, the Hill, the pleasant Hill !
Where all the beauties dwell ;
At whose green foot, the clearest rill
Reflects the fairest belle !

MOLLY

MOLLY PINDAR.

A

PINDARICK ODE.

OFF CORVO AND FLORES, SEPT. 12, 1780.

OF *Pindus* Hill, and *Pindar's* fame,
To neither will I make a claim,
Of neither dare to sing;
For one's too steep, and one's too high,
Great heads, high cloud-capt in the sky,
Where I can't lift my wing.

Pindar * was *Greek*, and *Theban* born,
Above nine Bards he rear'd his horn,

Lyrick Cornuto he!

In this where-e'er thou dar'st to strut,
Or any ram-head bard to butt,
You there may meet with me.

Pindar, thou may'st of laurels boast,
Thyself in verse a very host—

A Poet deeply read:

Be that thine honour and thy claim,
'Twas beauteous woman rais'd my fame,
To emulate thy head.

* *Pindar* was called the first of the nine *Lyrick Poets*.

How has thy race, alas ! declin'd,
No commentator hath defin'd !

That one of *Pindar's* name,
Should thrive in *Beverley*, * unaw'd,
A mere long-ridden, damn'd old bawd—
A lexicon of shame !

Alas ! 'tis true—near *Skell-gate Bar*,
This Cynosure, this fiery star,
Comet of *Drury-Lane* !—
Which, like a glow-worm, shines by night,
For in her tail she burns a light,
As Adm'rals fail the main.

Hail, *Molly Pindar* ! for I ween,
When I had scarcely pass'd my teen,
Thou ginger-bread didst vend ;
And sure no better in the land,
If made by *Nanny Brown's* clean hand,
Of sleek-hair'd lads the friend.

Ah ! happy days, unknown to Kings,
When stripp'd to bathe in *England's Springs*, †
Or row the muddy *Beck* !
Or upon *West-wood grey-pates* lime,
Or tallest trees with ardour climb,
E'en at the risque of neck !

* A neat town in the county of *Yerk*, with an elegant Minster.
It was once famous for its public school, which has dwindled of late.

† A current where the school-boys bathed, near the *Westwood*, or *Common* ; where they caught young *goldfinches*, called *grey-pates*, the first year of their flying.

But

But neck or nothing in those days,
 For no reflection sticks or stays,
 A little *Latin* shou'd ;
 Enough an exercise to make,
 To save the staring, white plumb-cake,
 From being stain'd with blood.

Ah ! willow rod—thrice sceptre dread,
 When rais'd terrifick, o'er the head
 Of some poor truant lad ;
 Such as *John Thompson* * whilom was,
 Whom none in mischief could surpass,
 None more for bird's-nests gad.

One day I saw a luckless farce,
 In which was shewn his brawny a— :
 He stole the master's muffin !
 The joke, indeed, was butter good,
 For which was spilt some classick blood ;
 Tho' flogging shew'd the ruffian.

Shall I rejoice, or shall I moan,
 That all the thoughtless time is gone—
 The truant puerile hour ?
 Faith, I rejoice !—for all the glee,
 Was damp'd in youth and liberty,
 By Usher's tyrant pow'r.

* *John Thompson*. Major *George Thompson*, of the 43d Regiment.

For

For if the spirits, gay and light,
 Then deeds eccentric will invite,
 To which all youths aspire :
 But when amidst these pleasing joys,
 The name of school to warmest boys,
 Is dish-clout to their fire !

No, I deny—the puerile time,
 I'd rather range from clime to clime,
 And manly joys prefer :
 A tyrant king, if stamp'd a fool,
 Is gruel to the king of school,
 Which boys, when men, aver.

But, *Beverley*, I hail thy town !
 For muffins fam'd, and *Nanny Brown*,
 Clean streets, and handsome Minster !
 There was a time, a boyish time,
 When *Sally Ingram* made me rhyme—
 Oh, bless the lovely spinster !

But such a girl, at such an age,
 Had charms t'invigorate old age,
 Much more to make me mount
 The flying horse, and *Westwood* ride,
 In all poetick rage and pride,
 To *Aganippe's* Fount.

Ah, beauteous maiden ! when I turn
 To those chaste days, my heart will burn,
 On thought of beauteous *Sarah* !
 For sure, no roses were so red
 As thy soft cheeks—nor lillies, spread
 In all their splendour, fairer !

Long

Long has the wain of time been driv'n,
And many voyages under Heav'n,

I've made since those young days :
But time, nor war, nor maids can blot,
The steady love your charms begot,
Which now with warmth I praise.

Ah, *Beverley* !—how fall'n—how chang'd,
Since I the universe have rang'd !

No past'ral virtue there ;
For *Cherry-Burton* beauties prove,
Too hot for any *Dutchman's* love,
How fair—if cool—as fair !

Curse on thy art, thy tricks, thy lure,
That drew me first within thy door,

To hear thee, *Molly Pindar* !
No dairy maid could be more nice :
If all her fire had turn'd to ice—

But, Oh ! I catch'd like tinder.

And *Robin Norris* now can tell,
Two weeks I never rang his bell,
So humble and so quiet.
Had the stiff Baronet * been there,
The Prince of Nonsense in full stare,
He'd kept a constant riot.

Now, *Beverley*, adieu for ever !
Thou, now—and I, at length must sever ;
Thou'st burnt me to a cinder !

Brought'st me in folly to love's stake—
The case of ev'ry *Yorkshire* rake,
Who trusts to *Molly Pindar* !

* Sir Robert Hillyard.

THE DUTCH WAR.

MARCH 15, 1781.

ONE hundred tedious years, or more,
 The gentle *Dorset* dipp'd
 His classick pen, and shew'd such lore,
 As ne'er at sea was shipp'd :
 He sang in such melodious tone,
 The *Muses* claim'd him for their own.

He sang to *Britain's* beauteous Fair,
 Of *Belgick* wars at sea ;
 And caution'd them, with love and care,
 Against inconstancy !
 Alas ! how much our fears must grow,
 If maids were false so long ago !

What chaster Goddess shall I woo,
 In these degenerate days,
 To bind up roses without rue,
 And make my posies praise :
 For hard the sailor's fate must be,
 His love untrue, and he at sea !

With pity, see the *States'* decree,
 Four wars upon the main !
 How can we fight, that are not free ?
 Love bound us with your chain :
 Consider, girls, how weak our pow'rs—
 You've got our hearts—pray send us yours.

Such

Such charity will well become
 The softness of your sex ;
 Or spite of chearing fife and drum,
 Our ships will all be wrecks !
 What harbour's open on the charts,
 For sailors who have lost their hearts !
 Men will exult at our distress ;
 But sure, among the Fair
 We may expect some kind redress,
 Nor meet *Hyænas* there :
 Then be ye true, as we are brave,
 And *British Tars* will rule the wave !

A I R,

IN THE ISLE OF LOVE.

THE roses fade on maiden's cheeks,
 When once to Love a prey ;
 That canker-worm their doom bespeaks—
 The blossom of a day !
 Then fill your sails, or parents crude,
 Your conduct will revile ;
 If I, a dow'rlless Maid, intrude
 From this Elysian Isle.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND
 MR. J. EDMONSTON,*
 OF BERWICK.

AUGUST 20, 1780.

ON *Cyntra's* mountain, and *Calares' vale*,
 Where *Flora* scents the wings of ev'ry gale ;
 Where Nature rested, when her work was o'er,
 Fix'd her retreat, and blest'd the flow'ry shore :
 For which great *Cast-o* left the restless seas,
 And *Piná Verdé* crown'd with fairest trees ;
 Where Genius wanders cros the troubled main,
 And turns on *Pindus' Hill*, and *Tempe's Plain* ;
 Where all the Muses and the Graces rove ;
 Where *Najo* sigh'd, when *Pollia* lost her love—
 Here breath'd my Friend—decaying day by day,
 As rudest winds the taper sweals away.
 I sooth'd his temper, bore him on my arm,
 And led him drooping to his native farm ;
 Where eight mild years he trimm'd the lamp of life,
 The friend of quiet, and the foe of strife.
 Not fond of life, nor yet afraid of death,
 He calmly nurs'd the last soft sighs of breath.
 The lover, and the grateful friend, approv'd,
 Lamented in his end, by all belov'd.

* Whom I brought in a consumptive state from *Lisbon*, in the year 1772, and he died in 1780.

THE WATERMAN.

IN THE MAID OF SURREY.

IF the man but goes right, who follows his nose,
 The Waterman always goes wrong !
 For one way he looks, while another he rows,
 And yet he keeps stroke with a song :
 He gives you a joke,
 While at ev'ry stroke,
 His wherry slides smoothly along.

How happy a soul might a Waterman be,
 Were his cares to his boat but confin'd ;
 He never would launch on a troublesome sea,
 To disturb the content of his mind.
 But when with his bride,
 Each stroke's against tide,
 'Tis tugging 'gainst water and wind.

But why should I grieve when I look on this badge ?
 When I won it—than *Dick*, who so merry !
 How it drew the black peepers of fair *Wandsworth*
 Madge,
 When I stepp'd from the boat at the ferry !
 Ah, bless her black eyes !
 That stroke won the prize—
 She was the first fare in my wherry !

AN HEROICK EPISTLE
FROM JULIA TO OVID.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DORAT.

HYÆNA, BOULIE-BAY, JERSEY, SEPT. 23, 1778.

A FRAGMENT.

NOW I am free! yet with a trembling hand,
I tell my griefs from this oppressive land.
My cares and sorrows to the world are known;
My tears confess—that *Julia's* thine alone!
Where is my *Ovid*? What's his cruel fate?
Oh, tell me—write me thy unhappy state!
And what's my hope?—Perhaps this very hour
The hungry waves thy little bark devour!
Ah! now I see thee on some broken oar,
Dash'd by the billows on the rocky shore,
Disfigur'd, bleeding, weltering in thy gore!
But if those crude, detested climes, you prove,
At once averse to poesy and love;
Tell me, in reading o'er this plaintive line,
Does *Ovid's* heart for hapless *Julia* pine?
For thee I burn, with more than *Ætna's* rage,
And think, ah, think, thy absence is an age!
Yes, I will love thee, *Ovid*, while I've breath;
Love thee thro' life, and lose thee but in death.
Yes, I will love thee, spite of *Cæsar's* ire,
Spite of the rage of an offended Sire!

Oh,

Oh, fatal night, which drove thee to the deep,
 Stabb'd a fond heart, and left the wretch to weep !
 I curs'd the Gods, my father, and my fate,
 Who exil'd *Ovid* from the *Roman* State :
 Abhorr'd, accursed be the impious time,
 That tore thee hence, to such a savage clime ;
 That forc'd thee, weeping, from thy *Julia's* breast,
 Ere her fond heart its sorrows had express'd.
 A cold, dead sweat, my languid limbs o'erspread,
 Chill'd my warm heart—and all my senses fled.
 When you were torn, and ravish'd from my side,
 The world, its glories, and its follies, dy'd !
 Ah, woeful night, and sad returning day !
 Which prov'd that *Ovid* was compell'd away :
 In grief, in rage, in sadness and despair,
 I beat my breast, and tore my flowing hair.
 Frantick with madness, sought the salt sea beach,
 And strain'd my streaming eyes thy bark to reach :
 I thought I saw thee—the idea vain !
 For all is false upon the faithless main—
 Methought I saw thy footsteps on the strand,
 The fatal proofs that thou hadst left the land :
 Distress'd, I pray'd the waves to take my form,
 For love's superior to the wrath of storm.
 My rage increas'd—I gain'd the palace gate—
 Abus'd my father in his royal state ;
 Call'd him the bitter cause of all our woes,
 'The feeblest tyrant, and the worst of foes.
 He mock'd my griefs, contemptuous turn'd aside,
 With all the tyranny of *Roman* pride ;

While

While fawning, basest slaves, that stood around,
 Could sympathize with him, and see the wound,
 The ruin, havock, which my love had made,
 And, deaf to pity, barb'rously upbraid.
 I curs'd mankind, and fled inhuman *Rome*,
 For Nature glory'd in thy *Julia's* doom:
 Rocks, woods, and caves, my sole retreat I made,
 Which neither pomp or insult durst invade;
 For such asylums to the placid mind
 Are horrid—yet to love and madness kind.
 There bury'd, hid from ev'ry human eye,
 The bosom storm sinks calm in misery;
 There thy sweet verses stole upon my mind,
 And still persuade me that my *Ovid's* kind:
 The picture charms me in the dreary scene,
 Such poesy's a remedy to spleen.
 I was the scholar thou didst first improve—
 Thou taught'st me, *Ovid*, thy sweet *Art of Love*!
 Which while I read, I bathe with streams of tears,
 Or glow by turns with joy, or chill with fears;
 Then to my lips I press the luscious page,
 Which gives me transports both of joy and rage!
 Immortal work of Nature, love, and wit!
 For *Venus* warm'd the mind, when *Ovid* writ.
 Ye Maids unborn, who shall his verses read,
 May glow for *Ovid*, and for *Julia* bleed;
 And as his tales you more or less approve,
 Bless the sweet Master of the *Art of Love*!
 Ye sighing Lovers, 'tis a Lover brings
 These dictates, wrote by pens of *Cupid's* wings.

I give

I give you love, in all its glow of charms,
 As *Ovid* taught—when *Julia* fill'd his arms.
 I blush, yet pardon, if in saddest hours,
 I weave my love a wreath, and bathe with tears the
 flow'rs.

A I R,

IN THE SPANISH COOPER.

DONNA JOCINTHA.

HAD I been like my sisters, plain,
 I ne'er had lur'd the Prince of *Spain*,
 Nor thus an exile been :
 Ah, beauty ! fatal, tempting flow'r,
 I'm doom'd, for wearing thee an hour,
 The statue of this scene !

Had I some shepherd's daughter been,
 Obscur'd within the woodland scene,
 In innocence and grace ;
 Or o'er the tanning mountain's top,
 Follow'd my sheep, their food to crop,
 The sun had spoil'd my face.

L

An

An exile then I had not been,
 The prey of sharp, corrosive spleen,
 The monument of woe ;
 But like my gayer sisters, mov'd,
 At once respected and belov'd,
 Upon the frolick toe.

Beauty demands an Angel watch,
 For what the tempter, man, can match ?
 What else resist his suit ?
 For maidens who have beauty's dow'r,
 'Tho' Angels—have not Angels pow'r,
 To guard the heavenly fruit !

R O N D E A U.

GIVE me love, or more disdain,
 The torrid, or the frozen zone ;
 Bring equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate affords me none !
 Either extreme of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate :
 Give me more love, or more disdain,
 Or crown my joys, or cure my pain !

PROLOGUE,
 SPOKEN BY MR. THOMPSON,
 AT THE
 THEATRE AT NEW-YORK,
 IN THE
 CHARACTER OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

OCTOBER 30, 1780.

I AM a Chief, a native of these lands,
 Proud to obey the *British* King's commands!
 Charm'd with your virtue, and superior grace,
 Knowledge we seek from your enlighten'd race.
 Tho' Christian moral truths to us are new,
 Yet pleas'd with virtue, we are charm'd with you!
 And by the intercourse, as we improve,
 Encrease allegiance, by encreasing love;
 And hope in future time to bring to view,
 Our *Indian* squaws, as fair and chaste as you:
 Make false appollate subjects blush to own,
 That *Indians* are more loyal to the crown,
 Than those the parent country bred and bore,
 Clasp'd to her breast, and nourish'd on this shore!
 Nay, hope from *Indian* Chiefs, that sons may rise,
 And live with lustre under *British* skies!

Nor thus unnatural, break the public peace,
 But pray with me, this civil war may cease.
 Then shall the produce of this land be bore
 To foreign marts; and ev'ry distant shore
 Receive our commerce, and acknowledge too,
 That while we are to parent *England* true,
 To *France* and *Spain* defiance shall be hurl'd,
 And leagu'd with her, we'll conquer all the world!
 This once accomplish'd, each shall chuse his shade,
 And smoke beneath the whig-wham he has made:
 The sword shall rust, when stern rebellion's dead,
 And cities rise where gallant soldiers bled!
 Then thro' the land shall whiskeys, coaches trundle,
 And chaste *New-England* maids with heroes bundle!
 Congress no more shall rack their brains, and scold,
 Because their paper will not pass for gold!
 New schemes our gallant Leaders shall pursue,
 And make a bank of *Chili* and *Peru*!
 Teach false, perfidious *France*, and haughty *Spain*,
 That *British* sailors will command the main!

T H E S I G H.

EXTEMPORE, IN THE MORNING.

BARBADOES-BAY, JULY 3, 1781.

GO, gentle Sigh, to *Emma's* breast,
 And pray the Fair to give thee rest;
 To take thee to her faithful breast!
 But if she's deaf, nor turns her ear,
 And neither thinks thee true or dear,
 Come back—I'll drown thee in a tear!

But if she thinks thee what thou art,
 Nor ever means with thee to part,
 Cling like thy master to her heart:—
 There nurs'd, within her bosom rest,
 Divinely cherish'd and carest,
 Divinely plac'd, supremely blest!

And if thou find'st, in small degree,
 That thou, chaste Sigh, my friend can't be,
 Beget a thousand Sighs for me!
 Confirm'd, convinc'd that she is fair,
 That she is chaste as Angels are,
 Be then my Sighs dissolv'd in air!

THE
MAID OF MARRA-CARRA'S
SOLILOQUY.

BETWEEN BARBADOES AND DEMARARIE,
JUNE 13, 1781.

WHY did I leave my peaceful home,
And o'er the lifting billows roam
With *Europeans*?—Why so rash,
To quit my carved *Calabash*;
My *Troolie house*, my *cocca dish*,
My roasted *plantain*, broiled fish;
My *pepper pot* of *crab* and *yam*,
My *Indian Sire*, my *Negro Dam*?
Ah! tell me, why did I leave these,
With *Buckra* man to cross the seas?
Happy, thrice happy was my time!
To see the young *Abana* climb,
To take the paddle, and to ride,
In long canoe, the rapid tide!
Where only girls, and those were slaves,
Would row down *Essequebo's* waves.
Ah, *Essequebo*! mayn't I rue
The day I gave up home and you;
When I was easy, gay, content,
Nor knew what *Dutch* or *English* meant;
When I at day-dawn took the fields,
And thank'd the sun for all he yields:

Piwarree

Piwarree * made, and gave it those
 Who never knew the use of hose ;
 But with crab-oil could guard the sting
 Of that dire, light, mischievous thing,
Musquitto call'd ; whose itching bite,
 Torments the body day and night ;
 Whose tune's more hateful to the ear,
 Than *Carribb's* whizzing, poison'd spear ;
 Distressing, plaguing wretch, whom smook
 Can only suffocate and choak.
 And very pleas'd I oft have been,
 To make a fire of *lime leaves* green,
 To drive these vile tormenters hence,
 To men and maidens an offence.
 Oh ! if on earth there is a shore,
 Where ye nor bite or venom more,
 That land with rapture I'll embrace,
 And praise the God that bless'd the place :
 Live happy, gay, and free from sore,
 Nor sigh for *Marra-Carra* more !
 Yet, when I *Marra-Carra* name,
 I feel a strange, uneasy flame ;
 A glow, a trilling, thro' my blood—
 Then wish I ne'er had cross'd the flood :
 Repine the loss of cocoa milk,
 Nor smile on banffs, chintz, gauze, or silk.
 Thrice happy wench ! undress'd and bare,
 Who scorns the sun, and tanning air ;
 Who buxom pads the ground along,
 And hears the *Indian's* savage song ;

* An intoxicating *Indian* drink, made from a fermentation of the pine.

Who, careless of the serpent, treads,
 Yet sand-flies, ants, and giggers * dreads ;
 Who to the *banja* or the fiddle,
 Dances, with *quaio* † round her middle :
 Nothing to hide her shape and mien—
 Her bum and bosom equal seen !
 When hot, she plunges in the wave—
 Here's lux'ry, Christians, for a slave !
 When cool, she tries the dance again,
 And courts in *lap* ‡ some active swain ;
 Who with her in a hammock swings,
 Happier than *European* Kings ;
 Who make their loves their pleasing theme—
 Draw health and pleasure from the stream.
 These must *Jacoba* new resign,
 The pine, the shaddock—all decline !
 Leave bloom on ever-verdant trees,
 In cold and chilly climes to freeze.
 Ah, woe the hour ! the day be mourn'd,
 That I from *Marra-Carra* turn'd !
 But if 'tis true, as I am told,
 That girls in *England* ne'er grow old,

* It is a small fly in sandy soils, that pierces the skin, and blows the flesh, by leaving in it a small maggot, which discovers itself by the most pleasing titillation ; but encrease in numbers and size, and at last make a dangerous sore.

† A sort of primeval fig-leaf, made of beads, and used by *Indian* belles, to hide their nakedness.

‡ A covering round the middle of the men, which runs in a slip to the ground, and is fringed and ornamented ; but it is a mere apology for hiding the filth of the privacies,

But

But paint so well, so very new,
 Beyond our *Launa*, or *Raucoo* : *
 If so, I leave *Guiana*'s shore,
 Nor sigh for *Marra-Carra* more !
 But paint like other *British* maids ;
 Flaunt it in sattins and brocades :
 Pinch up in little shoes my feet,
 And smell of more than *Tonka* † sweet !
 Smile on the voyage across the main,
 Nor *Marra-Carra* seek again !
 But if of me my mother hears,
 And for her daughter sheds sad tears,
 Tears I'll return—and bless her years :
 Breathe to *Guiana* many pray'r and sigh,
 And *Marra-Carra* hope beyond the sky !

* Juices of fruits, black and red, used by the *Guianas* to paint their bodies.

† A tree of amazing size in *Berbice*, that bears a bean of odouriferous scent.

S O N N E T,
IN THE ISLE OF LOVE.

H E.

IN thee, fair Maid's collected,
The virtues of the mind ;
Which, as by glafs reflected,
May polish human kind.

Thy peerless, chaste deportment,
Makes all the Graces thine :
Love chose the fair assortment,
To prove the work divine !

S H E.

Wilt thou the prize of glory
Resign for love of me ;
Whose simple, artless story,
Is fraught with misery ?

Then hear me, generous Sailor !
No damsel on thy shore,
Tho' wealth and charms avail her,
Can ever love thee more !

HIGH-

HIGHLAND NELLY.

A SAILOR's voice, tho' coarse, can raise,
 A note to melodize his lays,
 And leave the swelling seas—to praise
 The charms of Highland *Nelly* !
 The droning bag-pipe still be mute ;
 Such musick with such charms nor suit,
 When ev'ry Muse will tune her lute
 In praise of Highland *Nelly*.

Ye limpid rills, ye daïsied plains,
 Where mild content in cottage reigns,
 Repeat abroad the plaintive strains,
 Which flow in praise of *Nelly* :
 Still be the Lowland Lassies fair,
 Still be they proud of golden hair—
 But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
 Which shine in Highland *Nelly* ?

Amidst her Nymphs when *Venus* stood,
 Fair as she left the silver flood,
 Unless she mov'd, no gazer cou'd
 Discern the Queen of Beauty :
 Thus at a Lowland ball I've seen,
 Unmov'd, this pretty Highland Queen ;
 But when she danc'd—ye Gods ! I've been
 In love with Highland *Nelly* !

UNIVERSAL HUM-BUGG!

WHOE'ER has pass'd the *Cancer* line,
 In this, as sailor, must agree ;
 (The cause let Master *Dunn* * define),
 Down sun, down zephyr, and down sea !

But so it is—and azure blue,
 Transparent bright, adorns the waves ;
 Where flying fish, with wings untrue,
 Make *Dolphin's* mouths their certain graves !

Ah, gay *Dorado*, queen of fish !
 Swift as the arrow from the bow :
 Yet thou becom'st the common dish,
 Of common tars who ocean plough !

All life is flesh and grass at best,
 Father eats son, and son eats mother !
 From pole to pole 'tis all a jest—
 Man, beast, bird, fish—eat one another !

* A great mathematician, and master of the Author.

TO MY DEAREST MISTRESS,
E M M A.

HYÆNA, OFF SURINAM, SEPT. 5, 1781.

SAY, what's in life, beside what you can give?
What other hope, or wish, have I to live?
What other pleasing thing to man is giv'n,
But love and women?—Which make up his heav'n!
Some sigh for riches, some for feather'd fame;
Some sail the world around to get a name!
But most miscarry—gallant, or well skill'd:
*Burgoyne's** out-witted—hungry *Cook*† is kill'd!
But if we range the earth, or sail the sea,
And human nature make our generous plea,
Then doth the Patriot like the Angel rise—
He acts on earth the duty of the skies!
This is my bias in a just degree,
The love of human nature, and of thee;
For short's the race that I expect to run,
Beneath the vertical, and blazing sun;
Where exhalations blight the zephyr's wing,
And death triumphant reigns the tyrant king:

* *Burgoyne* surmounted ravalines and counterescraps, fosses and chevaux-de-frieze: he got over every thing but *Gates*!

† *Cook* had the true spirit of perseverance—a virtue in an explorer; but he had the meanness of lengthening his voyage for the lucre of purserage—he starved his people!

Where

Where love or beauty never touch his mind,
 Tho' *Roths*,* the first and fairest of her kind ;
 Where the sweet maid dissolves in beauty's grace,
 The roses fading on her lovely face ;
 Yet he relentless sees the angel die,
 While we with tears resign her to the sky.
 Here banish'd, and confin'd to ev'ry care,
 Beset with ev'ry evil, ev'ry snare ;
 Where silence, and ev'ry black disease,
 Send out death-warrants with the daily breeze !
 Where no exception's made to faith, or wit,
 But beauty, valour, love, and fame, submit.
 'These climes what right had I to search, explore,
 Negroes were made the natives of this shore :
 I came not here for wealth, or love, or fame—
 I came to cherish, comfort, and reclaim ;
 And in the task succeeded with some few,
 Whose minds were generous, and whose hearts were
 true.

But to receive the praises of the whole,
 Envy hath never spar'd the human soul :
 For here she monsters found to take her part,
 Where rancour helps the malice of the heart.
 To such a clime, in such a growing age,
 Too old a lover, and too young a sage—
 To serve my country, drooping in decline,
 I brav'd these climates, bord'ring on the line ;
 And for my zeal, my conduct, and my care,
 Found monsters here, less vermin than men are.

* A young lady, of *Irish* descent, with every amiable accomplishment, a martyr to the diseases of *Demararia*.

But I have done—and now one hope remains—
 The hope of seeing you for all my pains !
 That happy blessing, on my native shore,
 Would pay me, bless me, *Emma*, o'er and o'er !
 The thought's too rich—the blessings far too great !
 For him reduc'd by grief, and sick estate,
 It is too great to have—then if I die—
 Relieving thought !—there ends my misery.
 But my intuitive and mounting soul,
 Points an hereafter, clear of this dark pole ;
 Where I with wits and beauty shall agree,
 And mid't celestial creatures challenge thee :
 Gaze on thy spiritual and angelick face,
 Made more divine by more distinguish'd grace ;
 Give all material cloathing to the grave,
 Call thee my Spirit, be thy constant slave ;
 Possess thy mind, exalted, strengthen'd, free,
 And pass Eternity, in love, with thee !

THE INDIAN MAID.

DEMARARIE, OCT. 27, 1781.

THE *Indian* Maid who lightly trips,
 The *Dryad* of the *Guava* Grove ;
 The zone of *Venus* round her hips,
 And grac'd with youth, and blest'd in love !
 Gold rings adorn her nose and arms,
 And leaves of beads veil naked charms.
 Or if she quits the golden wood,
 Pierc'd by the scorching solar beam,
 She plunges in the cooler flood,
 And swims the *Naiad* of the stream :
 Adores the God in ev'ry air,
 And smiles the Maid without a care.
 Or if more distant creeks invite,
 To fish, to fowl, or seek her love,
 She paddles the canoe upright,
 Where Christian maids would fear to move ;
 On some fair tree her hammock swings,
 Nor envies she the beds of kings.
 Like other belles, of other shores,
 She daubs her limbs, her face, her hair :
Raucoo and *Launa* † stop the pores,
 Against musquittos and the air.
 But these, I trust, nor spoil her skin,
 'They're to defend—not lure to sin.

† Paints used by the *Indians* ; the first red, the latter black.

A beauteous bronze she stands confest,
Venus nor *Hebe* more compleat ;
 With various feathers trick'd and dress'd,
 Perfum'd with *Tonkay** flow'rs most sweet !
 And when she moves, her mien and grace,
 Prove her the Goddess of the place !

AN IMPROMPTU.

AT SEA, JULY 11, 1781.

A RASCAL who has not an eye in his head,
 To govern the empire of love !
 By a maxim so false, Gods above may be led,
 But *Cupid* I now disapprove.

'Tis ridiculous, maidens, and well may ye stray,
 'Tis a salvo for error in kind :
 For the ladies proceed in so wanton a way,
 We may well say their leader is blind.

A boy without eyes thus to govern the Ball,
 And led too by Folly around !
 There's no wonder that virtue each day has a fall,
 And vice from the stroke has a bound.

* The *Tonkay* tree, one of the largest of the creation. It bears a sweet flower, which sets in a bean, and smells like new hay.

TO
MR. CHARLES DENIS,

UPON TAKING LEAVE OF HIM,
REQUESTING THAT I WOULD ACCEPT HIS
BOOKS AND PAPERS AT HIS DEATH.

RAVEN, AT GALLEON REACH, DEC. 17, 1771.

“ *Nos patriam fugimus.* ”

THUS, as *Æneas* sought of yore,
The blessings of a foreign shore,
We range abroad on *Raven* wings,
To see the land sweet *Virgil* sings,
You'll say, can *Virgil* sailors please ?
Tars searching out for classick seas !
The thought is new—but sure a Triton
May write of seas—that he dare fight on !
The College wit, who never was sick,
Will spew, to hear of sailor's classick :
Will stare on *Crusoe* and on *Byron*,
As animals more strange than *Chiron*.
Well, let them stare—we'll never stop,
Like that old rambling, plodding fop
Our ears with wax, but take each Syren
Within our arms—that's worth admiring !
But now adieu, *Amico Caro*,
As sweet as *Ovid*, or *Dan Maro* ;

But

But pray, dear *Charles*, retain your papers ;
 Never give way to spleen and vapours :
 Live, laugh, and sing—and cut new capers !
 Would *Spaniards* fight, as well as menace,
 I'd write how they were trimm'd by *Denis*.
 A tale like this one day I'll tell—
 Pray for a war, and wish us well.
 On *Maize-Hill* may the *Phæbus* shine ;
 May you be nurs'd by all the Nine !
 And when with gout you're making faces,
 Think of your friends on board the *Raven*,
 Who may perhaps be in worse cases—
 Without a rudder or a haven !
 However, *Charles*, we will live gaily,
 Our sails are full—so *multum vale*.

TO THE MEMORY OF
 CAPTAIN RUTHVEN,
 OF THE GLORY.

DECEMBER 27, 1771.

HE who once led the *Glory* o'er the wave,
 Mingles with kindred heroes in the grave :
 Here let the bravest and the wisest own,
 That sense and valour rest beneath this stone !

TO POLLIA.

WRITTEN AT LISBON, FEBRUARY 29, 1771,

BEING HER BIRTH-DAY.

SHALL gentle *Pollia* leave her native shore,
Nor I record the charms I've sung before !
Shall she once more attempt the raging main,
Nor I renew the pleasing natal strain ?

I cannot say the task is hard,
It is no labour to your bard ;
Besides, who would refuse to praise
A Dame, the wonder of her days !
The wedded ladies envy you,
To find you have a spouse so new ;
A husband that can sing your charms,
As well as clasp you in his arms !
Such Captain bards are quite as rare,
As your superior worth among the Fair.

But, gentle *Pollia*, must I rhyme,
Because we're in a foreign clime ?
Can I no longer shift or cavil,
But tell the world how you did travel
Upon a *Raven's* sooty back !
Where you were forc'd to tack and tack ;
Because the Gods were all unkind,
Nor would they grant a prosp'rous wind ;

Which

Which *Venus*, Goddess of the Sea,
 Refus'd, thro' female spleen to me,
 Because you fairer was than she !
 She is not singular in this—
 Just so she serv'd the *Grecian* Miss :
 The sweet *Europa*, like a trull,
 And plac'd her on a surly bull !
 Why, *Venus*, wilt thou be as cross,
 To our black *Corvus* as to *Bos* ?
 We daily sacrifice to you,
 Whether at *Lisbon* or at *Kew* ;
 Nor will we cease to rev'rence thee,
 Whether on shore or on the sea :
 Then pray, while *Pollia's* young and fair,
 Make her thy most peculiar care ;
 For 'tis a secret now between us,
 She'll credit you, dear *Madam Venus*,
 As much upon the classick shore,
 As *Mrs. Helen* did before.
 Therefore, to such you should be kind—
 She only asks a steady wind ;
 And that you'll save her from each shelf—
 Small favours those, to one so like yourself !

Venus, each rhyme I make must plainly show it,
 I'm an unfashionable spouse and poet ;
 And folks will say, in future days,
 What stuff !—a husband thus to praise
 A little, trifling, dowdy wife ;
 As if this pair had never strife !

Ladies

Ladies forbear, your censure end—
Pollia she was the wife—but *Pollia* was the friend !
 And thou sweet, frolick *Venus*, hear my pray'r :
 Make *Pollia* old—but keep my *Pollia* fair !

Comparisons are odious things,
 Whether of common folks or kings,
 And seldom do succeed :
 For *Venus* can I now compare
 With *Portuguese*—my *Pollia* fair—
 Alas ! not I indeed.

And shall I too these dames condemn,
 If Liberty's unknown to them,
 (Sweet growth of *Runny-Mead*,)
Pollia, I will not censure those
 Who can't enjoy our happier laws,
 Alas ! not I indeed.

May each successive birth-day prove,
 The blessing of the maid I love !
 And when each poet's reed
 Is tun'd unto sweet *Pollia's* praise,
 Shall I be silent on such days ?
 By Love, not I, indeed !

A B A L L A D,

FROM THE SYRENS.

A I R.

FORECASTLE.

THO' shipwreck'd on a coast unknown,
 From sweetheart far, and wife,
 Is there a sailor that will own,
 He cares a fig for life?
 For let the world wag as it will,
 Our courage never fails us still.

Fal, la, la, la!

T R A V E R S E.

Let plodding landmen now repine,
 And brood o'er ill-got wealth;
 We chearful cross each distant line,
 Nor value aught but health:
 Riches we never keep in view,
 Our purse is—*India* and *Peru*!

Fal, la, &c.

G A L E.

Let lubbers snivel, grieve, and pine,
 No cares belong the Tar;
 His fortune never can decline,
 While there's or trade or war!

He

He shakes his trowsers in the wind,
He tacks, and leaves his cares behind.

Fal, la, &c.

M A R G E R Y ;

Once more my beating heart's at ease,
And thank the steady plank,
Which bore me o'er the roaring seas,
To thee, my faithful *Frank* :
More true the needle shall not prove,
Than I unto my Sailor's love !

Fal, la, &c.

F O R E C A S T L E .

Inconstancy is all we fear,
In women and in wind ;
But give us gales that do not veer,
And lasses fair and kind ;
Then who can match the gallant Tar,
Whose glory's Women, Wine, and War !
Fal, la, la, la !

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUT. JOSEPH THOMPSON,
OF THE DELAWARE FRIGATE,
WHO WAS KILLED IN AMERICA.

WRITTEN AT BARTON WATER-SIDE HOUSE,
APRIL 3, 1778.

A M O N O D Y.

AS late I wander'd o'er the margin green
Of rapid *Humber*—where old Ocean's queen
Passes in dalliance oft the halcyon hour,
And leaves in deeper seas her coral bow'r—
Walking and musing by the silver stream—
My wonted custom—and my Love the theme,
Surpriz'd, I spy'd upon the daisied bank,
A troop of Nymphs, drying their tresses dank.
'They seem'd offended at th' unhallow'd tread,
And plung'd at once beneath the wat'ry bed!
It was the spot, where oft, in youthful play,
I've blithsome pass'd the puerile hours away:
And sure those know, who can remember ought,
'Those hours are lightest—when devoid of thought!
Happy remembrance! that can bring to mind,
'Time so remov'd, and pleasures fleet as wind.

O

Thee,

Thee, flow'ry *Ferriby*,* the fav'rite theme
 Of ev'ry Muse on *Humber's* turgid stream ;
 Doubly to thee my gratitude is due—
 With thee I fashion'd, and with thee I grew ;
 And now, chaste sod, one filial tear accept,
 More harden'd Sons less worthy Mothers wept !
 Let me, who was refus'd to tend her bier,
 Sprinkle her hallow'd grave with one true tear.
 For near the sacred spot, the Nereid train
 Had sportive landed, when they left the main ;
 And sure, in compliment to one so good,
 They gave the place a pref'rence to the flood :
 And well they might, for they could not prefer
 Their gayest, fairest, chastest Nymph to her.
 'Twas on this spot the Nereids took the tide,
 And near this spot—my tender Mother died !
 Wrapt in amazement, I beheld the place,
 Where the rude waves first hid the sister race ;
 When lo ! in mantle of the myrtle green,
 With visage pale, dejected, and serene,
 A chosen Nymph rose from the briny deep,
 And such her grief, tho' wet, I saw her weep !
 Her right hand pointed to the hallow'd shore,
 Her left a bright, reflecting mirrour bore ;

* A village about nine miles from *Hull*, the country residence
 of the merchants of fortune ; where our Author was nursed, and
 where his mother is buried. A place not inferior, in rural beau-
 ties, to *Richmond*, *Windsor*, or any other spot. The village is
 beautifully placed on the side of a rising hill, and commands the
 county of *Lincoln*, and the City, across the *Humber*.

And on its surface all the features show'd,
 With which in life my darling *Joseph* glow'd.
 Struck with the form, I dash'd upon the ground,
 When lo! a hollow dirge their conchs resound :
 A peal so solemn, from the murmuring wave,
 Might have commanded *Marvell* from his grave !
 And well I ween, in these distracted hours,
 We need at once, his virtues and his pow'rs.
 No sooner was the woeful concert done,
 Than a black cloud spread o'er the golden sun ;
 And the sad Nymph who did the mirror bear,
 First shriek'd, then tore her long dishevell'd hair ;
 The glass she broke in phrenzy, on the shore,
 And thus in plaintive ditty did implore.
 " Ah, wretched land ! when all thy Chiefs contend,
 " To bring thy glories to a shameful end ;
 " When he design'd the guardian of the laws,
 " Leads the fell madmen to support a cause,
 " Which in the end must stain the land with blood,
 " And give to *France* the empire of the flood.
 " Here see the blossom of a Father's joy,
 " Nipp'd in the hope of an advent'rous Boy ;
 " Who join'd the Civil War by stern command.
 " He nor by inclination rais'd his hand,
 " The hostile, curs'd, avenging sword to draw,
 " 'Gainst those who fight—for Liberty and Law !
 " Peace to his manes !—while this modest verse
 " To sons unborn his virtues shall rehearse.

“ Of *Howe*’s* brave Youths he was the gallant pride,
 “ He liv’d in honour, and in glory dy’d !”
 At this I started from the clay-cold plain,
 And the sad Nymph plung’d in the briny main.
 Ah ! ye who fix upon a darling boy,
 Your little comfort, hope, and transient joy,
 May feel too soon the fatal sting I feel,
 Which all the art of med’cine cannot heal.
 ’Twas I that train’d him to the wayward deep,
 And I his loss will never cease to weep !
 Join me, ye Maidens, in the plaintive strain,
 And tell his virtues to the ebbing main,
 That distant nations may repeat his name,
 And rising Sailors imitate his fame !

* Lord *Howe* made him a Lieutenant, for his gallant conduct
 in the reduction of *Mud Island*, in the River *Delaware*.

A S O N N E T,
FROM A L A D Y I N E N G L A N D
T O H E R L O V E R I N S P A I N.

ZEPHYRS, bear me from this Island,
O'er the yielding briny main,
To the am'rous clime of Lovers,
Tawny, continental *Spain*.

Underneath the *Rhododrendon* *
With my *Carlos* I'll recline ;
Or thro' groves of myrtles wander,
Nor for chilly *Britain* pine !

In a cot of rushes lay me,
Shaded from the solar heat,
By the citron and pomegranate—
Carlos sighing at my feet !

O transporting, sweet idea !
Courteous *Cupid*, God of Love,
Realize imagination,
And thy vot'ry's pray'rs approve !

* A beautiful Rose Tree.

THE SHEPHERDS.

AT IVYSEA-BANKS.

TO E M M A.

FIRST.

SURELY, some mischance you've had—
Tell me, Shepherd, why so sad?

SECOND.

Ev'ry grief that life can prove—
Shepherd, I—have lost my Love!
Heav'n nor fram'd a Nymph more fair,
Gentle, smart, and debonnaire:
Such as *Hebe* is to *Jove*,
Shepherd, such to me's my Love!
Mention not the grievous strains,
Nor renew my bosom pains.

FIRST.

I, alas! with you repine—
Edward, thy misfortune's mine:
Girls now jeer my gloomy look,
Tear the roses from my crook;
How with me is chang'd the time!
I nor play my pipe, nor rhyme.

SECOND.

SECOND.

Turn to yonder hawthorn bush—
Hear the jocund, speckl'd thrush ;
He too, like the sons of men,
Sings to please his fav'rite hen.

FIRST.

Shepherd, true—but when she's gone,
Soon, alas ! is chang'd his tone :
There's no musick in the grove,
When the mate has lost his love !
All is misery and gloom,
Birds nor sing, or flowrets bloom !

SECOND.

I've a grief beyond the rest ;
Shepherd, in the fleet I'm prest !
I must leave my native shore,
Nor behold her beauties more.
Must I then resign her charms ?
Yes—my Country calls to arms !

A SAILOR'S

A
SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION
OF THE
MASQUERADE;
AS PLAYED BEFORE THE
KING OF DENMARK,
TO A CROWDED, MOTLEY AUDIENCE, IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

LITTLE *Mell*, faith, and I, from *Wapping* came
up,

To see the fine show, and the folks ;
But for fear of mistakes, we thought best for to sup,
For these courtiers have comical jokes.

When first we came in, I was 'maz'd to behold !

Night at once was all chang'd into day :
The folks seem'd to roll like a vast sea of gold,
And the gall'ry stuff'd full, like a play.

Little *Mell* dropp'd a-stern, being afraid to make sail,
'Till I at her helm took a spell ;
When, whip in a trice, she steer'd up within hail
Of the Devil, just landed from Hell !

Lord

Lord blefs me, fays ſhe, *Ben* ! where have we got ?

This company's too good for *we* !

Sure at home he was cold, and's come here to be hot,
For ſuch Devils I never did ſee !

The Devil ne'er mind—heave a-head, my dear girl,
And I'll ſhew you the King of the crew ;
Each Duke, ev'ry Duchefs—each Lady and Earl,
And when I bump, do you curt'sy too !

Like a Tragedy Queen, when *Moll* ſaw the King,
Plump on her bare knees ſhe fell down :

But, by *Neptune*, I ſoon made her riſe with a ſpring,
And ſwore ſhe knew nought of the town.

We parted—and I, faith, who like to be ſmart,
Clapp'd on board of a Shepherdſ ſweet,

Who, with no other crook than her eyes, hook'd my
heart,

As faſt as if preſt in the Fleet.

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)

At the rate of ten knots by the log :

But I ſoon found this King was no Tar—but a youth,
For he *Burgundy* gave us as grog.

This gay, little Shepherdſ, faith, was ſo ſmart,
She tow'd me from pillar to poſt ;

Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,
And wreck'd on the Maſquerade coaſt.

Mandarins and Nabobs were as plenty as rice,
Jews, Negroes, Banyans, and what not ;

There were characters purchas'd at ev'ry price,
Unleſs the raw, bra', letter'd *Scot*.

In this ocean of pleasure, egad ! there were Tars,
 Who ne'er pass'd the buoy of the *Nore*;
 'There were soldiers, like *Hymen*, * who knew not of
 wars,

And domino fools by the score !

There were Pilgrims and Quakers, Blacks, Witches,
 and Nuns,

Minervas without sense or tongue,
 Who falter'd and lisp'd out some feminine puns—
 “ Do you know me ? ” was all said or sung.

Grave Conjurors too, who ne'er conjur'd before,
 And Harlequins, heavy as dross ;
 Mild Night too, who long shone the sun of this shore,
 But set in the fair Mrs. *Ross*. †

Old Wives were at once to dull Generals turn'd,
 And *Tan-red*, ‡ in sorrowful strain,
 Wept *Philip's* wrongs—and then instantly burn'd,
 For *Diana*, from lewd *Drury-Lane*.

There was supper, they said—we got nothing to eat ;
 Here a fort, there a tow'r, here *St. Paul* ;
 But all cramm'd, as at short allowance of meat,
 Gorging garrisons, gardens, and all.

* Personated by Mr. *H*—.

† Behold in character of Night,
 All clad in dark array,
Fanny appears !—the thought how right !—
Fanny has had her day !

‡ Old *Muilman*.

By

By strange kitchen alchymy, every dish
Seem'd transmuted for Epicure *Mammon* :
There was fishified flesh, and fleshified fish,
A calf's head seem'd a fine jole of salmon !

When I thought I took one thing, another I got,
The *French* cook so well knew his trade,
That ev'ry thing look'd like what it was not,
And the dishes were all masquerade.

There were none lost their wit, there were some lost
in pet,
In short, 'twas all *Hebrew* to me ;
So my anchor I tript, with my kind little *Bet*, *
And paid *Moll* with a top sail at sea !

AN ATTORNEY.

INSCRIBED TO EMMA.

AH, fare thee well ! I kiss thy lilly hand ;
Bound on a voyage to ape and monkey land.
Had we not apes and monkies here before,
But I must search them on a savage shore ?
But ape and monkey cannot be to me,
Nor the fell monsters of the raging sea,

* Mrs. *Powell*, wife of the celebrated Tragedian, who was
not less respected for her domestic virtues, than he for his drama-
tick ability. She lived admired, and died lamented.

So fell, so savage, brutal in their kind,
 As the Attorney!—Monster of mankind!
 That more than Canibal, that beast of prey,
 That feeds on human nature day by day!
 Rise, generous man, and all thy rage be hurl'd,
 On this fell caitiff, that devours the world!

S O N N E T,

ON PARTING WITH EMMA, AT SHREWSBURY,
 JUNE 15, 1778.

MUCH had I, *Severn*, sang thy stream,
 And *Shrewsbury*'s old famous Town;
 Made shady *Quarry* * all my theme,
 Where Beauties walk the meads new mown;
 And sure no meads are fairer plac'd,
 Or with more lovely Ladies grac'd.

Whilom we're told, *Sabrina* † chaste,
 Would list the love-lorn Virgin's plaint,
 And from her sedgy bank would haste,
 To help a weeping sister Saint:
 But now she could regardless prove,
 When *Edward* sigh'd for *Emma*'s love.

* The name of the Ladies' walk.

† Name of the River *Severn*.

Can I forget that day of rue,
 When the fleet wheels roll'd *Emma* hence !
 What my heart felt, to say—Adieu !
 Where sunk my courage, and my sense ?
 In this my Love was not unkind,
 She took my heart—left her's behind !

Salop, farewell thy stream and meads,
 Thou hast no other charms for me ;
 Some blyther swain may tune thy reeds,
 With *Emma*'s gone the pipe and glee.
 There is no musick in the grove,
 While the sad turtle moans his love.

Bless her, ye Gods ! where'er she goes,
 And with her years renew her charms ;
 Upon her cheeks Health paint the rose,
 And bring her blushing to my arms !
 Pure give me back her constant heart,
 Nor suffer two so fond to part.

TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR CHARLES KNOWLES.*

DECEMBER, 1777.

MAY Genius, Judgment, Valour, Honour, claim
A golden letter in the page of Fame?
May seventeen times a victor on the main,
Against the haughty pow'rs of *France* and *Spain*,
Make one deserving of a nation's praise?
These *Knowles* obtain'd, and wore the Nautick bays!
But tho' he brought these glories to our isle,
Such virtues could not draw the Royal smile.
Aged and worn, he fought a foreign coast,
Where Merit stands in a distinguish'd post:
Tho' crown'd with laurels, tott'ring o'er the grave,
His King refus'd him—what the *Russian* * gave!
But like an Adm'ral, 'midst the cannon's roar,
He bore his honours to the Stygian shore;
Where Death, (tho' old as Time, doth never lag),
Most cowardly skulk'd, and struck the Hero's flag!
Kings may refuse their gifts, yet worth like thine,
Shall make the proudest envy such a shrine!

* Empress *Catherine*, whose director of the Marine he was.

T H E H Y Æ N A

INSCRIBED TO THE
GIRLS OF GAINSBROUGH.

WRITTEN AT SPITAL, APRIL 12, 1773.

BEHOLD upon the swelling wave,
With streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the brave,
And Glory leads the way !
And a Cruizing we will go.

Ye beauteous Maids, your smiles bestow,
For if you prove unkind,
How can we fight so great a foe,
Who leave our hearts behind.
When a Cruizing we will go.

The love of Fame inspires our souls,
To beat the *Spanish* Don ;
By that bright star we reach the poles,
For Love and Fame are one.
And a Cruizing we will go.

The

The foe's in fight—then cut and chace
 A mine from rich *Peru* !
 See gladness smiles on ev'ry face,
 To bring the gold to you.

And a Cruizing we will go.

Each gallant Sailor flood his glass,
 Defy both shot and wind !
 May each possess a constant Lads,
 But one *Hyana* find ;

When a Cruizing we will go.

Be *England* to herself but true,
 To *France* defiance hurl'd !
 Give peace, *America*, with you,
 And war with all the world !

And a Cruizing we will go.

TO EMMA IN LONDON.

HYÆNA, FALMOUTH, APRIL 1, 1780.

I CANNOT neglect a few lines to my Dear,
 On this day, of all days, in the roll-about year;
 When all claim a right to show fashion or folly,
 In verses to *Susan*, to *Hannah*, or *Molly*.
 And if mine are more dull than the rest of your
 friends',
 On some fair future day I will make you amends.

I sail'd from the *Whight* in a fret of fair wind,
 And I pray'd all our fairies might prove very kind;
 But before I had reach'd the well-known Head of
Lizard,
 Some gipsy, or fybil, or devil, or wizard,
 Contriv'd to kick up a foul wind on the ocean,
 'Till my landmen were sick, at the smell and the
 motion;
 So to *Falmouth* I came, very sober and true,
 Having only taught lubbers to vomit and spew.
 It was lucky, my Love, we did not meet the *French*—
 Do you know I've been robb'd by a gay, blue-ey'd
 wench!
 Had the foe then appear'd or off *Portland* or *Start*,
 What a fight must he make, that was robb'd of his
 heart!

Q

You

You know it is true, nor could he perform
 Any feats against enemy, billow, or storm.
 Pray make restitution, sweet, beautiful Thief,
 For you know you've my heart, and it can't get relief.
 Is this then, dear *Molly*, or gen'rous or kind,
 To send one to sea against weather and wind,
 Nay, to fight a brave foe—and the heart left be-
 hind!

Ye maidens and landmen, both froward and toward,
 You know whom to censure, if I prove a coward.
 I am now in an Inn—both the last and the worst,
 That ever a failor, or passenger curst!

It was built when the *Tudors** first came out of *Wales*,
 Or when beasts first knew hairs, and fishes felt scales:
 It might be the lodging where *Noah's* fair Belle
 Put up in a storm—lest she should go to Hell!

Ah, no! 'tis not true—could the Gods make a slip,
 And deny them a house—who had built 'em a ship!
 I therefore believe, 'tis so old in its wood,

It was built before *Noah*, and stood out the *flood*!
 But the age of the house is the least of my grief—

'Tis an Inn without wine, or good mutton or beef;

'Tis an Inn without furniture, bedding, or linen,
 And top full of maidens, who will not make sin in.

Now, say you, with some reason, high piqued in your
 pride,

How should he, know this, pray, unless he had try'd?

How inventive is Fancy, to find out a flaw,

No Attorney so keen (the damn'd blot of the law.)

• *Harry the Eighth.*

Not

Not *Hellen*, unrigg'd from the mansions above,
 Could seduce your fond Sailor, or alter his love.
 I am proof against arrows, darts, dressings, and
 tirings,
 And turn a deaf ear both to *Naiads* and *Syrens*.
 Believe me, my Love, and attend the true telling,
 You're my Angel, my Friend, my fair *Hebe* and
 Hellen !
 If *Jove* will but grant what a Sailor may sue,
 I ask but Content, and a Cottage, with you ;
 Give me those, ye great Gods, when my voyage it
 is done,
 Nor a Sailor so happy shall live 'neath the Sun.

Before I conclude, I must drop a short word
 To your friends ; and good manners can't pass by
 my Lord ; *

His ancestors too, for they sure have a claim,
 The Sons of the Woods, the old *Sylvans* of Fame ;
 And to do my Lord justice, in actions and face,
 He retains all their beauties, their tricks, and gri-
 mace :

For indeed 'tis my sentiment, sober or drunkie,
 I ne'er saw a Lord yet — so much of a monkey !
 But reverse it again, and 'twill better accord,
 I ne'er saw a monkey so much of a Lord ;
 And let alone person, and peerage, and pence,
 Few have his good-nature, great wit, and good sense !

* Lord M——d.

And therefore, to finish opinion and plan,
 I honour the picture, peer, monkey, or man.
 To fair, silent *Sturges*, and *Hannab* the gay,
 Two beauties admir'd ev'ry night at the play :
 May they live and do well, may they blossom and
 thrive,

Nor the latter want colour—while *Baillie's* * alive.
 Don't let us forget here our sweet smiling *Lynn*,
 Who *Hannab* first courted, to pleasure and sin :
 Well, save him, ye Fairies, from blight and from
 curse,

From madness in love, and his hospital nurse.
 May our Mother grow better before and behind,
 And, as far as 'tis pleasing, get rid of her wind :
 For 'tis true as 'tis fav'ry, it comes from my heart,
 Pray, what gives, ye Gods, half the ease of a — ?
 If the Colleges knew our performance and parts,
 We'd be Doctors of Musick, † or Masters of Arts.

The Letter, dear Love, which leads this by the nose,
 Contains twenty guineas—in plain, simple prose !
 You must now be content with a Letter in rhyme,
 For money and prose are enough at one time.
 I must now give advice, being your truest physician :
 To sit cross-legg'd, my dear!—'tis the safest position,

* The Perfumer.

† A Lady, at a rehearsal of Musick in *Oxford*, asked a Gentleman what *Ars-Musica* meant ? He answered, he was no Latinist ; but he supposed it meant *Bumfiddle* !

To

To preserve both your character, fame, and long
health ;

Nay, to keep you in beauty, esteem, joy, and wealth.

What a world !—for we ruin for gratification,

The fame of the women, and fame of the nation !

For thro' life's vain pursuits, from the great to the
small,

'That passion for SELF, is the passion of all.

May you ever be gay, ever good, and admir'd ;

May you always resist, tho' you're always desir'd ;

For remember, dear *Emma*, for ever and ay,

'That virtue and flow'rs, when they're pluck'd, will
decay !

Farewell, my dear *Emma* ! again—and again,

Our top-sails are full, and we plunge to the main !

C A N T A T A.
MAHOMET'S PARADISE.

COMPOSED AT SEA.

AS Prophet *Mahomet* within his cell,
Was hammering how to fix his Heaven and Hell,
A brisk *Arabian* girl, with sloe black eye,
On light, fantastick foot, by chance pass'd by :
The Prophet dropp'd his hammer, and his care,
He saw his Heaven, and he fix'd it there.

A I R.

We thank thee, Prophet, for the thought,
For what is so divine,
Or what with so much zeal is sought,
As Women, Wit, and Wine ?

Thy Paradise we all approve,
And to its joys incline ;
By genial Nature taught the love
Of Women, Wit, and Wine !

A K

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT TYLGARSELY,

ON A DANCE GIVEN TO THE GIRLS OF THE
NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES, IN THE
CHARACTER OF THE WITCH OF WITNEY.

WELCOME, sweet girls!—I'm glad to see you
here ;

I'm *Bridget Dobson*—who was hang'd last year
The Witch of *Witney*, and your good old friend,
Who will compleat your loves, and fortunes mend.
There's not a girl in *Ensham* or *Norleigh*,
Who has a liquorish lip, or floe black eye,
But I her assignations make, and bring
The smiling bride-groom with the wedding-ring.
'Twas I that did that deed which you have conn'd,
And brought the poison bowl to *Rosamond*.
Remember *Woodstock* Bow'r, and guard your lives,
How you provoke the jealousies of wives.
Ye Girls of *Ducklington*, and *Witney* Wenches,
Who fill the Squire's barn, and grace his benches,
Be gay and chearful, I'll protect you all ;
And if you should be kiss'd—why, do not squall !
For on those Maidens I will lay my spell,
That dare to kiss, and then to cry and tell.
Take courtship kindly—what are all your charms,
Unless they bring a sweetheart to your arms.

OF

Of old *John Buck* beware—who keeps the game,
 But cannot keep himself to one good dame.
 There's *Beckley* too, he patches up old soles,
 And, tinker like, stops one, and makes three holes,
 He'd better mend, and keep his awls together,
 Or I will rip his sole from upper leather.
 But amidst all these pranks, and country jokes,
 Know ye, you owe this dance to *Mrs. Hawkes*,
 Who means next Sabbath to be woo'd and wed,
 And you may throw the stocking when in bed.
 Be merry all, now biefs'd with youthful bloom,
 And while you dance—I'll ride upon my broom!

THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

EMMA'S ANSWER FOR BETSY.

YES, *Emma*, she'll attend thy side,
 Nor sigh to leave the giddy town;
 That cottage she will make her pride,
 Where Love and you can never frown.
 Park, Opera, Play, and *Richmond Green*,
 Where she has laid the Beauty's snare,
 Yet she for thee can yield the scene,
 Where call'd the fairest of the Fair.

Yes,

Yes, she can bear the cold, the heat,
 Nor cast a longing wish behind,
 Nor envy belles a gala treat,
 If thou'rt unto thy *Emma* kind.
 As thou hast lov'd, that love improve,
 Nor will thy *Emma* feel a care,
 Nor will she seek another love,
 Tho' own'd the fairest of the Fair.

Yes, she can love thee fond and true,
 And thro' severest perils go ;
 Or, when misfortune thou may'st rue,
 Share with her Love the pang of woe !
 Yes, when decay and pains attend,
 She will perform the nurse's care ;
 There prove herself the faithful friend,
 Tho' own'd the fairest of the Fair.

Yes, when my Love is doom'd to die,
 She'll clasp him in his fainting breath ;
 Alas ! and give him sigh for sigh,
 And smile to smooth the bed of death !
 But she'll not strew his hallow'd clay
 With flow'rs, nor drop the last sad tear ;
 To see him dead she will not stay,
 But die the fairest of the Fair !

A DESCRIPTION OF LISBON AND CYNTRA,

THE PARADISE OF PORTUGAL.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, 1772.

THIS tumble-down City, so famous of yore,
Which *Ulysses* found out as he row'd along shore,
Is now got together by very hard labour,
And not by *Dan Orpheus'* or *Amphion's* tabor ;
Tho' such a quick builder as either of these,
Would suit to a tittle a *Portuguese* ease :
For if this huge town could be fiddled together,
Young *Baron* * alone would have *Anthony's* † feather.
He has got all their favours by drawing their faces—
His men are all heroes, his women all graces !
He has hit on *Gay's* plan, which all painters should
follow,

His belies are from *Venus*, his beaux from *Apollo*.
I have known a dull husband, a thick-headed fellow,
(Who a word never utter'd unless he was mellow,
A plain man in trade, who sold sugar and candles)
By *Baron* drawn forth in fierce helmet and sandals ;

* Mr. *Baron*, a pupil of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, a youth of genius for musick and painting.

† *St. Anthony*, the tutelar Saint of *Portugal*.

Who

Who, on 'Change, tho' as tame as a tame *Jerry*
Sneak,

At home is transform'd into *Roman* or *Greek* ;
 And a pert simp'ring Ma'am, to make pincushions
 bred

Appears a Miss *Di*, with a moon on her head :
 And, as Goddesses always have Nymphs to come a'ter,
 A bow and a quiver are hung on her daughter.
 To flatter these bourgeois, the painter ransacks
 The Pantheon, for dresses to cover their backs !
 Gods and Goddesses now may look down on the show,
 And this factory farce christen *High Life Below*.

Each wise *English* Doctor (at best a damn'd rogue)
 At last hath made *Lisbon* a city of vogue ;
 Where each patient's consign'd, when of life there's
 no hope,

To try a new air, and the pray'rs of the Pope :
 But if they were better, that damnable racket
 Which the ocean kicks up in a paltry packet,
 Is enough in a week, if they really were well,
 With the sea in the Bay, to remit them to Hell.
 If you take all our cash, let us die, and don't plague
 us,

The *Styx* * is enough, without crossing the *Tagus*. †
 Ye mortals consumptive (a truth worth attending)
 When the thread of your health is once broke, 'tis
 past mending.

* A river of Hell.

† A river in *Portugal*.

'Tis a pick-pocket remedy doctors prescribe,
 For dying abroad saves the fame of the tribe.
 To consumptions this isle is so very unkind,
 That you melt like a candle which stands in the wind ;
 Nay, had you the gold of this river of yore,
 Or the purse of a Nabob, or old *Cræsus*' store,
 I swear by *St. Tony*, the tavern would have
 Ev'ry moidore, before you could get to your grave ;
 For the scoundrels of *Bath*, whom all trav'lers condemn,
 Are angels to these *Roman* spongers of men.
 Here's one C—y so keen—shut your mouth when in
 bed,
 Or by *Jove* he will steal ev'ry tooth in your head !
 Ask my banker, he'll prove what I say to be true,
 That a *Jo** does less here than a guinea with you.

The natives are proud, and the natives are sullen :
 The blacksmiths wear swords, and the priests they
 wear woollen ;
 And if you're invited to any one's table,
 To get at the house you must pass thro' the stable !
 Tho' so holy the folks, they're in need much of paint,
 For in common blue tiles they depict ev'ry Saint :
 They've a thousand of tutelar Gods, great and small,
 But *St. Anthony*, Sir, is the Captain of all !
 Saints are mortar'd on every house, like a sign,
 But they do not denote either victuals or wine ;

* The coin called a *Johannes*, il. 16s.

And beneath them are written some mystical letters,
 Not known to the mob, nor believ'd by their betters ;
 For the pure Holy Virgin, at vesper and matin,
 Is always address'd by the Fathers in Latin,
 Which is not understood by one man in eleven,
 Yet still they believe it the high road to Heaven.

When first I arriv'd, in a passion I swore,
 That I'd got by mistake on the foul *Scottish* shore ;
 When I pass'd from a friend's to my lodgings to bed,
 They empty'd their jordan—swish—swash on my
 head !

What I tell you is true—I'm not cracking of jokes—
 There's nothing so like as the *Scots* and these folks ;
 Their manners, their cloathing, their diet, and houses,
 The filth of the dames, and the pride of their spouses.
 The King and the Queen have three millions per
 ann.

With which he keeps women—but she not a man !
 She makes hunting, and shooting, and fishing her
 sport,

But will not let a Lady appear at the Court :
 For her Majesty's jealous, and if she was not,
 The King, for his kissing, perhaps might be shot ;
 For he, a sly rogue, to indulge his lewd funn'ry,
 Kept a string of sweet lasses coop'd up in a nunn'ry !
 But, once as he went, he escap'd to a hair-o,
 Being shot at one night by the Duke *D'Auciro* ;
 And now the sweet lady is shut up for life,
 To keep peace at home with his *masculine* wife.

For

For this the sweet *Tavora* * lost her poor head,
 For this husband, children, and kindred all bled !
 Ah, Ladies, take care ! see what ills do environ
 The monarch who sirs in behalf of a syren.
 O think what a King in Old *England* you've got,
 Who, by nursing at home, shuns abroad ev'ry plot.

Let's have done with the State, who, perhaps, may
 not pardon
 An opinion so free—so we'll talk of their garden :
 But it is not like *Enna* or *Eden* of yore,
 Tho' planted upon a delectable shore ;
 No likeness it has—it is all run to weed,
 Like the *Portugal* State, and the *Portugal* breed !
 But if you talk of gardens, your gardens we'll beat:
 Tho' *Richmond* is noble, and *Cobham* is sweet,
 We have one above these, as they're 'bove *Jenny's*
 Whim,

*Tis the spot of *Calypso*, and Mr. *De Vim*. †

* The Marchioness of *Tavora* (who was beheaded with her husband, children, and the Duke *D'Aveiro*, for attempting to assassinate the late King of *Portugal*) was, without exception, the finest woman in *Europe*. It was her daughter that the King had seduced. As he was returning from the convent where he had been, the Duke attempted to shoot him.

† Perhaps there is not another garden in the world, wherein so many vegetable beauties and rarities are collected, as in this of *M. De Vim's*, who has great taste and elegance, joined to a natural and acquired knowledge of Botany. He had a brother, who resided some years in *China*, from whom he received many curious plants, and which are only to be seen in this garden. The civility of this gentleman to every stranger, does him infinite honour ; but politeness is inseparable to the man of manners, travel, and education.

You

You have here all the flowers and fruits of the earth ;
It was here that the beautiful *Flora* had birth.

A garden this is ! (for indeed there's no weed in)

'Tis the *Enna* of yore, the original *Eden* !

'Tis the *Hortus Adonidis*—just what you please,

'Tis full of exotics, and beautiful trees.

Ye lads and ye lasses, who coo like the dove,

Here are sweet groves of myrties, design'd to make
love ;

Here are fountains to bathe in—nor could a fair Miss
Refuse a sweet rape in a garden like this.

Old *Mahomet*'s paradise, full of young brims,

Is *White Conduit House* to this spot of *De Vims* :

You have sweet beds of roses for ever and ay,

And when *Politia* was here, she was Queen of the
May.

Farewell ! 'tis the shades for the Muses and Graces,

For Poets and heroes, fine Maids and fine faces ;

Ye Gods ! 'tis the classick *sub tegmine fagi*,

Where *Phyllis* and *Chloe* may make hay with the
Magi.

But no more of *De Vim*, and his garden of bliss,

I've a sight to describe that's inferior to this.

Under canopy royal of purple and gold,

The King, Queen, and Court, are all plac'd to behold

A holy procession, which *Englisfmen* dread,

With a cushion supporting the wine and the bread,

To which you must kneel, or be knock'd on the
head.

To

To the pride of *John Bull* 'tis a damnable hurt,
To kneel to this thing in the midst of the dirt;
But the King and the Queen do the same when it
 passes,
As also the rest of the Catholic asses.

But the reason they give us still adds to their shame—
 They mean to appear like the smart *Engliſh* dame!
 Who, if tranſplanted here from a milliner's ſhop,
 With hands perhaps callous with twirling the mop,
 With rubbing the irons, and ſcow'ring the ſtairs,
 Gets in a calaſh, and then gives herſelf airs!
 You muſt not boaſt to us of your toaſts of the *Hills*,
 The ſmart *Caro Vernon*, and pretty Miſs *Mills* :
 Your *Phæbes* are all by Miſs *Collins* outdone,
 She's ſweet as the orange-flow'r nurs'd in the ſun.
 We have one or two more full as pretty as ſhe,
 The fair Mrs. *Hunter*, and dear *Charlotte Dee*.

The ſweet *Britiſh* beauties which reign on this coaſt,
 Whom a good Duke of *Glouceſter* hath honour'd to
 toaſt,

Are worthy the praiſe of the Duke and the Bard—
 While I live, while I write, they ſhall have my re-
 gard!

For tell me a breaſt generoſity fires
 With a ſpirit more noble than gay Mrs. *Myres* ?
 But when affectation and frippery airs,
 Deſcend from the belles who have ſcower'd down the
 ſtairs,

Such aukward impertinence curſedly hurts,
 In Mother *B*——*n*, and a pert Mrs. *S*——*z*,
 Who pretend to make routs, give *façon*,* and ſet
 faſhions,

As if we were ideots, and they were *Circaſſians*.

* *Façon*, ſo called in *Liſton*.

But the taste of the natives too even beats that—
 For they hate every woman unless she is fat !
 And if we consider the heat of the weather,
 The thinner the better for lying together.
 But what we call gusto, they censure as trash—
 So, *Lisbon* adieu, and I'll mount my calash.
 Now my pains and fatigues I give all to the wind,
 Sweet *Cyntra's* in view, and old *Lisbon's* behind.

What God, or what Goddess first planted this place ?
 What Genius, what Fairy, what Muse, or what Grace,
 Exerted their fancies, at once to create
 An *Eden* for man in his primitive state ?
 Here *Flora*, *Pomona*, *Vertumnus* appear,
 In jubilee liveries dress'd thro' the year ;
 And Pleasure smiles sweet, with her apron of flow'rs,
 Which she strews on the way for the feet of the hours,
 Who wantonly trip on the light, silken toe,
 As blythe as the lark, and as light as the doe.
 This, this is the spot which dame Nature design'd
 For her fav'rite retreat—and the best of mankind.
 She study'd to make it the beauty of earth,
 So in search of each excellence Nature went forth :
 She collected the mountain, the rock, and the hill,
 The fountain, the river, the sea, and the rill ;
 The plain, and the valley, the shrub, flow'r, and
 tree,
 Of every virtue, of every degree ;
 And when all these beauties together she got,
 And was viewing with rapture this elegant spot,

It appears that some strange interruption ensu'd,
 And she left them unforted, wild, beautiful, rude !
 Dear shade of *De Castro*, * attend to my pray'r :
 Still watch o'er these beauties—make *Cynira* thy care ;
 Still guard her sweet trees from the axe and the blight,
 From lightnings by day, and from tempests by night ;
 Thy name in these lines shall for ages be read,
 When sweet *Pina Verde* is wither'd and dead.
 Was *Cameons* † living, the Muses would rove,
 And lead their lov'd Poet from mountain to grove ;
 The lays which he'd write, all the Fairies would sing
 By the light of the moon, as they danc'd in the ring ;
 Such poesy sweet would be fair as the theme,
 As sublime as her mountain, as pure as her stream.

Here *Polia* the fair a borrico ‡ did ride,
 And happy was he that did walk by her side ;
 For so pretty she look'd, that the swains came to woo,
 And they flatter'd her so, that I thought her untrue ;
 But I was mistaken, as lovers will be,
 And I hope to be so while there's salt in the sea.
 Thro' forests we roam'd of *Hesperian* trees,
 Where such fragrance was shed from the wings of the
 breeze,

* *De Castro*, a noble of *Portugal*, who produced the revolution
 in favour of the *Braganza* family—a great Navigator, who re-
 tired to the garden of *Pina Verde*.

† A celebrated Poet of *Portugal*, in the sixteenth century.

‡ An ass—the Ladies' palfrey of this slavish country.

As she pass'd, that each flowret unfolded its bloom,
 And the air was throughout one continu'd perfume.
 They thought her their Goddess, and well they might
 err,

For *Flora* is not half so pretty as her.

Such a garland of flow'rs round her head did I twine,
 That the *Dryads*, who saw her, pronounc'd her divine;
 And divine she shall be—for I swear by those charms
 Which have melted my soul, while she lay in my arms,
 By the rose in her cheek, which eternally blows,
 By her dimples of love, and the curl of her nose,
 While my tongue can but wag, or my pen can but
 move,

They both shall be sacred to *Pollia* and Love :

The evergreen flow'rs of *Parnassus* I'll chuse,
 Bedew'd in thy fountain, O sweet *Arethuse* !

And their sprigs with such art, with such nature I'll
 twine,

That ages unborn shall esteem her divine.

No more will I say, and I cannot end better,

Than saying that *Pollia* approves of the letter !

She approves of the place, she approves too of me,

And an Angel like her must with *Cyntra* agree.

Cross the sea—come away—if enchantment you'd
 know,

For there's no other Heaven but *Cyntra* below !

E P I T A P H
TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPT. THOMAS MALE,*
WHO DIED ON THE COAST OF GUINEA, IN
1771, A GALLANT SEA OFFICER, AND
AN HONEST MAN.

W HETHER Sailor or not—for a moment avast!
Poor *Tom's mizen top sail* is laid to the mast!
He'll never turn out, or again heave the lead;
He is now *all a back*—nor will *sails shoot a-head!*
He always was brisk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle—he'll jump upon
deck!

* Mr. *Thompson* and Mr. *Male* were Lieutenants of the *Dorsetshire* and *Belona*. Mr. *Male* was celebrated for his sea-wit, in which he excelled most Marine Characters. He was admired for his filial piety, having maintained for many years his mother and sisters.

HOME.

HOMeward-BOUND.

HYÆNA, DECEMBER 14, 1781.

LAT. 30. O. N.

To E M M A.

NOW I am bound home to my Love,
And therefore nor hold my career ;
For she has a heart like a dove,
And in pity will melt like a tear.

Oh, she's beautiful, gentle, and true !
She is all my regret and desire :
Her eyes are of heavenly blue,
Enliven'd by amorous fire.

Her limbs they are delicate, neat,
A proof of the labour of *Jove* ;
And so small are her soft, fatten feet,
They were never intended to rove.

No lilly's so fair as her skin,
No rose is so red as her cheek !
To wish more than Love, were a sin,
And who can admire, and not speak ?

She

She has many soft suitors to woo,
But I'll drive all the ingrates away;
Who abuse so much virtue, shall rue,
Who hurt her, shall sink in decay!

My sails are all full to my Love,
Who dare then impede my career?
On wings of impatience I move,
And with rapture sail home to my Dear!

And wilt thou receive me with joy,
And clasp me with truth to thy breast?
"Yes! with rapture I'll fold my dear Boy,
"And kiss him, and lull him to rest!"

Oh! what a reward for my care!
My griefs I throw forth to the wind:
For *Emma*, she's true as she's fair,
And *Edward* is constant and kind!

Give every sail to the breeze,
The course of my Frigate improve!
I have done with the cares of the Seas,
Ye Sailors—I'm bound to my Love!

E P I T A P H.

NED *Thompson* at last is *sail'd* out of the world !
 His *shrouds* are *cast off*, and his *top-sails* are *furl'd* :
 He lies snug in *Death's boat*, without any concern,
 And is *moor'd* for a *full due a-head* and *a-stern*.
 O'er the *compass* of life he has merrily run—
 His *reck'ning* is *out*, and his *voyage* it is done !
 When his *Journals* are *pass'd* by their *Lordships* above,
 Then his *lee-way* in life they will d——, or approve !

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

